

SAINT PAULS.

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"I have confessed, father, I have confessed! . . . but tell me
I can save my soul?"

SAINT PAULS.

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APRIL, 1868.
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ALL FOR GREED.

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CHAPTER XX.

THE DOUBLE ARREST.

WHATEVER might have been the effect created at the time by old Martin Prévost's death, it was immeasurably surpassed by that which the arrest of the bûcheron produced. There was no end now to the conjectures and speculations ; no saying what might not be revealed ; no limit to the excitement of the townspeople of D——.

It was scarcely past noon when the Breton was brought a prisoner into the town, and before supper-time every man and woman knew of each single detail connected with his arrest,—or at all events talked as if they were thoroughly conversant with them. So great was the agitation of the little place, and so delighted was the little population at having such an occurrence wherewith to occupy itself, that long-standing feuds were healed in the common emotion, that Madame Joséphine le Vaillant condescended to exchange ideas with Madame Valentin, and that Céleste from the Château, and Madelon from the Mairie, fraternised with Madame Jean ;—or rather tried to do so, for that important personage felt her importance doubled, and was less accessible than usual. Madame Jean's importance was doubled, for she held to the mystery by both ends. She was a manner of co-proprietress of the criminal,—if criminal he was, of which there was no inconsiderable doubt ;—while over the executive authority as represented in the person of la gendarmerie itself, who would gainsay her sovereign influence ?

There was a conviction in the public mind that Madame Jean really did know everything, and accordingly Madame Jean was paid court to instantly, as those are who have suddenly been invested with some unusual distinction or power. Besides, Monsieur le Maire was observed to go three times in the course of that eventful day to la Maison

Prévost, and at his last visit, which was late in the day, he was accompanied by the brigadier.

But the public mind of D—— had had time, even in the space of a few hours, to become divided upon the question of Prosper Morel's insanity. That Prosper had had to do with the murder of Martin Prévost could no longer be a matter of doubt; but that he was the actual murderer, and, above all, that he was the only one who had committed the crime,—this became quickly the cause of the liveliest disputes. Indeed, this it was which made up the quarrel between the rich grocer's widow and Madame Joséphine le Vaillant, who both happened to be of the same opinion. These ladies opined that some person or persons yet undiscovered had really done the deed, and had, for some reason which would later be found out, been obliged to make an accomplice of old Prosper, whose weak intellect had been fairly upset by the horrible drama in which he had been mixed up. The doctor at D—— was of their way of thinking also, for after having spent an hour with the Breton on the day of his committal to gaol, he confided to the Juge de Paix that, according to his belief, the old man was not altogether of sound mind. "There is an evident mixture of fact and imagination in all he says," had been the doctor's remark. "Up to a certain point he is as clear and precise as possible, and unmistakably sane; but past that point, he is unmistakably wanders, and either he is ignorant or he won't tell what he knows. I incline to believe him ignorant."

However, Dr. Javal had been telegraphed to from Cholet, and it remained to be seen what that irreverential young practitioner's opinion would be. Meanwhile, an immense deal had already come out, and the craving public mind had devoured one or two hard facts,—facts not to be controverted.

For instance, in the box dug up under Prosper's own directions were found a pair of new shoes, of a small size for a man, but answering to the impression left upon the minds of all who had assisted at the original "instruction" in October, by the foot-marks traced in the garden. Of course, in so grave a matter a mere impression left upon men's memories was scarcely a thing to rest an inference upon. Still, there were the shoes, too small for any one connected with the Prévost household; and they bore marks of having probably been worn but once. The heels were scarcely soiled, whilst the fore part of the sole was still clogged with a crust of dry mud, out of which a few blades of dry grass were extracted.

Now, as to the money! There was found, in five small parcels,—two only in rouleaux,—the sum of 5,000 francs in gold; corresponding to what Monsieur Richard had found noted down on a paper in his uncle's strong box. In a small leathern pocket-book, or portfolio, were also found a number of bank-notes wrapped up in a piece of paper. But on this paper were written the following figures:—

“ 20 100 fr. notes.
12 500 do.
2 1000 do.
Total, 10,000 frs.”

Now, when the notes were counted up they made a total of only 8000, instead of 10,000. The two notes of 1000 francs each were missing.

It became therefore evident that whoever the criminals really were, they had robbed their victim to a certain extent, though undoubtedly an insignificant one, considering the far larger sum they had had at their disposal, and had left untouched. Having taken this much, why had they taken no more? If dishonest at all, why so moderate?

When the fact, however, of the missing notes was brought home to Prosper, the old man's demeanour changed altogether. Instead of the strange half-dreamy, half-ecstatic manner he had assumed from the first, he grew vehement, and all but furious. At the bare suspicion that he had robbed the murdered man, his indignation burst violently forth, and he stalked up and down the room where he had been brought for the first preliminary examination, alternately uttering incoherent phrases of bitter anger, or relapsing into a dogged silence, during which he contented himself with glowering at the mayor, and gnashing his teeth.

“One thing is easy to see,” whispered the brigadier, who was present,—apparently for the protection of Monsieur le Maire,—“and that is, that if he were enraged, there's nothing he would stop at.”

But the Breton was unmanageable, and sullenly retreating into a corner, declared he would not open his mouth again till the Curé, who had been sent for at his desire, should have arrived. When the Curé did come, the old man rose, shoved aside the gendarme with one sweep of his long lean arm, and, walking straight up to the priest, went down on both knees before him, and said, in a tone at once earnest and submissive:

“I have confessed, father; I have confessed! I have lightened my soul of its load; I have done what you ordered me to do; but tell me I can save my soul; tell me the punishment will not be eternal; tell me I shall be forgiven; tell me that, mon père; tell me that!”

“My poor friend!” said the Curé, with the utmost compassion in his tone, and laying his hand upon the bûcheron's head; “so surely as you confess your transgressions, and repent of them with all your heart, so surely will you be forgiven. God's mercy is infinite; but you must confess all your sins;—you must withhold nothing.”

“I have told all!” exclaimed the Breton, suddenly springing to his feet, and with a glance of rekindling indignation; “but am I not to tell the crimes of others, too? Are others to go unpunished?”

The manner of the man while saying this was so singular, there

was such a revengeful air about him, that, coupled with the very unsafe condition of his intellect, the Curé thought he foresaw a danger, and determined to guard against it as best he could. "Prosper Morel," said he sternly, "the confession of your misdeeds is what will save your soul. The misdeeds of others lie between God and them. Beware of the spirit of revenge, my son! it will stand between you and atonement even to the Day of Judgment. You will expiate nothing by confessing other people's sins. You must repent of your own."

The brigadier fairly shrugged his shoulders with impatience on hearing this, and clanked his big sabre on the ground; and the Maire came up to the Curé cautiously, and putting his mouth close to the latter's ear, he whispered, "But if we could get him to reveal; if we could get him to put us on the trace of——"

The priest, who was a powerful man, literally whisked the Maire, who was a small, pudgy one, into the embrasure of the window; and, standing with his back turned to Prosper, so that the arrested man should not overhear him, he said, quite lowly, "The man is not safe; once set him on revealing, and God only knows what he will imagine! He is as likely as not to 'reveal' you as his accomplice."—The Maire started back with horror.—"Yes! every bit as likely as not. The man is not altogether sane, though he will probably tell the entire truth about himself; but don't trust him with the lives and reputations of others. There is no saying to whom he owes a grudge, or what mischief might be done. Keep him to what touches himself only."

The civil functionary obeyed, though reluctantly, for he did not relish being baulked of a revelation or two.

"Now, Prosper," recommenced the Curé, "tell the truth about these missing notes. Calm yourself; subdue your anger; and now tell us how comes it that these two 1000-franc notes are gone?"

"I will only speak if my words are credited," rejoined the Breton, sullenly.

"Speak to me, Prosper, and I will believe you," continued the Curé.

"Well, then, mon père, by my hopes of salvation, I know nothing of the money in the box. I saw it put in,—the gold and the leathern portfolio,—but as it was when put in, so it has remained ever since."

"But," objected the Curé, "you see these notes were wrapped up in a sheet of paper that was sealed, and the seal has been broken. You see these figures, written on the paper; they mark the sum of 10,000 francs, and specify two 1000-franc notes. These are gone."

"Monsieur le Curé," answered Prosper, "if my own soul had not been sleepless within me and tortured me, needed I to proclaim my guilt? Was not my innocence accredited? Have I not come freely, joyfully, into the enemy's toils? Have I not come here to pay for the salvation of my immortal soul with my mortal body? This hand,—

this hand"—and he held his hand aloft—"committed a murder; but of any theft I know nothing. That box has never been touched since I carried it away after the murder, till this morning when I showed it to Monsieur le Maire."

The Curé looked steadfastly at the prisoner, who never quailed before his gaze.

"Mon père," at last added Prosper, "you must believe what I say, for you believe in what the Gospel teaches; you know that we have souls, and that we can save them;—they don't!" and he waved his arm over all the other spectators of the scene. "They believe not. Mon père, tell them I speak the truth, for I am trying hard to save my soul."

The Curé turned to the Maire, and with great gravity said, "I do believe the man speaks the truth."

"But, then, the notes?" retorted the irritated Maire; "and the broken seal?"

"Time and the progress of the 'instruction' will throw light upon the whole," rejoined the Curé; "but I must believe Prosper Morel's words, and I do so."

At all events, nothing more was to be made of the Breton; and before the day closed a new and quite unforeseen direction was given to the current of the public thought in D——. Raoul de Morville was arrested for having been implicated in the murder of Martin Prévost, just as he was stepping into the diligence which was to convey him to the railway station, where he was to take the night train to Paris.

CHAPTER XXI.

VÉVETTE'S SORROW.

Of the sensation called forth by this last event it is scarcely necessary to speak. Nothing so extraordinary had ever happened in D——, not only "within the memory of man," but even,—as Monsieur le Maire proclaimed,—"in the annals of history." A young man of good birth,—a handsome, clever, gay, hunting-and-shooting gentilhomme,—was accused of the murder of a snuffy old bourgeois, of a hard-fisted old usurer, who was as much disliked as he who was accused of murdering him was popular! True, the strange alteration in Raoul's manner, so generally commented upon, was immediately referred to; but, as compared with the enormity of the crime, all this sank into nothing; and the past of the fine, generous young fellow, who, without having had a "chance" in life, had "got on" all by himself, mastered a good, sound education, and never deserved an enemy, rose up now in the minds of his townsmen, and protested against the awful accusation under which he laboured.

From the moment when young Morville was arrested less was

known of what took place than had been hitherto the case, and the public mind seemed in a fair way to be tortured by the efforts made to preserve secrecy. This much was known, that, between the hour of his arrest and midnight, two telegrams had been exchanged between D—— and the chief town of the department, which was rather more than eight English miles distant ; and D——, as we know, not having a telegraph station, on each occasion a man on horseback had to be sent off,—which produced a great impression.

The day following Raoul's arrest more telegraphic messages were despatched to and fro, and it was even rumoured that Monsieur le Sous-Préfet might be expected in the course of the day.

Do what the "authorities" would,—and they did do their utmost,—some few scraps of information did ooze out ; and it remained an avowed fact that the brigadier had stayed more than an hour in la Maison Prévost ! Nay, that he had actually breakfasted with Madame Jean in her kitchen,—it was her second breakfast,—and that she had brought from the cellar and devoted to the especial usage of "Monsieur Frédéric" a bottle of some old Burgundy by which her defunct master set extraordinary store. How did this get known ? Well, there are assuredly genii who preside over the longings of human curiosity ; and in this case the particular genius was supposed to be Nicholas, the "out-door man," who had seen the wine brought up from the cellar, and not got one drop of it to drink.

Disjointed, garbled evidences, therefore, did, as I have said, leak out, and the public ended by obtaining some few scraps wherewith to still its hunger ; for Madame Jean, though a very inaccessible woman, was mortal, after all, and could not wholly withstand the amount of flattery with which she was assailed that day. Why, she received in her kitchen the visit conjointly of those two "leading" persons, Madame Valentin and Madame Joséphine-le Vaillant, who, in chorus, styled her their "dear" Madame Jean, and promised her, the one, some liqueur des îles, sweet enough to ruin all her teeth, the other, some very curious snuff, against neither of which seductions was that stern female proof.

By the time, then, that noon had been rung out from the church steeple of D——, several small facts had crept forth, been eagerly pounced upon, and, naturally enough, distorted. It seemed clearly ascertained that with the robbery Raoul would be proved to have nothing to do ; and that, of course, obtained credence at once. But, on the other hand, a frightful proof of his guilt was whispered about. It was stated that the shoes found in the wooden box with the money, and so much too small for any of the feet on which they had till now been tried, fitted young De Morville perfectly ! It was asserted that, with the exception of trying on the shoes,—which was an invention of the Maire's,—Raoul had, as yet, not been subjected to any investigation ; that he was kept very privately, and

was not to be examined till precise instructions came from the Chef Lien.

Touching the woodcutter, somewhat more was known, and he was reported to have made some very strange depositions. He was said to have declared that the whole night preceding the murder had been spent by him inside old Prévost's house!—a fact which, as Madame Jean remarked, "would have made your blood run cold, if it was not such a palpable impossibility." And here, again, opinion was obliged to incline towards the conviction of Prosper's partial insanity. Then, again, when simply questioned as to what was his acquaintance with Raoul de Morville, he merely stared, hastily said he was the best shot in the country, and refused any further answer. In reality the Breton appeared, with each passing hour, to be narrowing his attention more and more to one single point, namely, to his own personal guilt, and to the certainty of achieving forgiveness by expiation. He was more mystical than ever, and had passed the night in praying, singing the "De Profundis," and covering the walls of his cell with his favourite writings and images, produced by means of a bit of charcoal, which the gaoler saw no harm in letting him have. All his ideas ran the same way. "Expiation!" was the word for ever on his lips, and he paced up and down his prison, or squatted on the floor, a crucifix in his hands, and muttering: "The sacrifice of blood!" or, "The price! the price! O Lord! the full price!" or, "As I sinned, so I pay!" When not thus occupied, he was stubbornly silent and sullen, refusing to exchange a syllable with the gardien whom it had been deemed advisable to place with him in his cell.

"Why am I to be tormented?" he had once said. "I have owned my crime; they know it, up there. What more is required? Why not give me my chance quickly? I have purchased my salvation; why do they shut the gates through which I am to go to it?" This very fixity of ideas on the part of the bûcheron threatened to make the case a vastly complicated one.

"It will be extremely hard for justice to see the way out," observed the doctor, "for the longer the whole lasts, the more rooted become the convictions,—or delusions,—of that wretched old man, and the more difficult it will be to discover what is fact and what hallucination. He gets madder with every half-hour of solitude, and we shall end by, in reality, possessing only two positive certainties,—one, that Martin Prévost was murdered, and the other, that Morel had something to do with it. But what then? I doubt our ever getting very far beyond that."

Somewhat later in the day Monsieur le Curé's Lise made her appearance in her master's study, and announced to him that la demoiselle Vérette wished to speak to him. The Curé was walking backwards and forwards in evident perturbation of spirit when this took place, and he at first looked rather vacantly at Lise, who

repeated her message. Before he had found time to express his readiness to receive her, Vévette was standing at the room-door, and one moment after they were together alone.

The girl came forward with both her hands stretched out, which the Curé took in both his, and then he looked at her. She was making strong efforts to speak, and her lips quivered and twitched, and she gasped, whilst the contraction in her throat prevented all distinct utterance. "My child!" said the priest, tenderly. Again she tried to speak, but in vain; and clutching his fingers in a tighter grasp, she sank upon her knees; and, resting her head upon the Curé's hands, burst into a fit of violent, irrepressible sobbing.

He raised her up, placed her in a chair, laid his hand gently and reverently upon her head, and seating himself near her, left her to compose herself, without attempting to comfort her by useless phrases.

When the first paroxysm of grief was a little abated he spoke to her. "You have done well, my poor little one, to come to me at once," he said; "for if consolation, and hope, are to be had anywhere, it is here. You know that there is no limit to my devotion to you; you know that I promised your mother, on her death-bed, that I would always watch over you."

Vévette pressed her handkerchief to her eyes; and, after a last struggle, looked up, and, though still with difficulty, she spoke; "Father," said she, and though the voice shook, the expression of the face was strangely resolute, "whatever comes, I will be Raoul's wife. Help us, or I shall die!" and she clung to the sleeve of his soutane.

"I will help you," replied the priest impressively, but without manifesting the slightest surprise; "but, my dearest child, will you help me to help you both? Will you do your best? Will you, for his sake, be calm,—that is, try to be so,—and will you really follow the instructions I may give you?"

"I will," answered Vévette, never taking her eyes off his face, or her fingers off his sleeve.

"Well, then; let us try to put some order in our thoughts and in our proceedings. Tell me, does any one in your own family guess at what you have just told me?"

"No one."

"I confess," continued the priest, "I have never had the remotest suspicion of all this; though, perhaps, to a man of the world, it might have appeared inevitable. How long have you been engaged to Raoul?"

"I don't know, mon père," answered she simply. "but I think always. You know we were children together, till Felicio and I went to the Visitation; and when we came back home, it was always the same; and I never could marry any one but Raoul."

The Curé sat for a moment silently, with compressed lips and knitted brow.

"Of course," he then said, "you are convinced of Raoul's innocence?"

Her eyes flashed fire, and her cheeks burnt as she cried, "As convinced as I am of my own existence! As convinced as you are too!" she added triumphantly.

The Curé looked at her and leaned back in his chair. "Yes, Vévette," he rejoined, "I am morally convinced that Monsieur de Morville had no hand whatever in the murder, but that is not all. Innocence is not sufficient always, and we must guard against complications. There are some very strange facts in this case, and the more we believe in our friend's guiltlessness, the better we must be prepared to meet them. One thing would be, in any other case, immensely in his favour, and that is, that Prosper Morel denies his complicity altogether."

"Well, then," exclaimed Vévette joyfully, "what more can be required?"

"A great deal more, I fear, for you see Prosper is himself a most unsafe witness. It is a very delicate matter to deal with a man who is more than half mad; facts have to be weighed."

"But no fact can possibly criminate Raoul," cried Vévette impatiently.

"In your mind and mine, no! But we are not magistrates, and I fear that Richard Prévost has been forced to make a deposition that implicates——"

"Richard Prévost!" interrupted she indignantly, and springing to her feet, "Richard Prévost! that wretched, vile, cowardly creature! Oh! how I always hated and despised him! What has he dared to say?"

"Vévette!" said the Curé, rising also, and confronting the girl, whose usually gentle aspect was literally transfigured with rage and contempt, "Vévette, calm yourself and attend to me. I was never a particular friend of Richard Prévost's. His nature has nothing in it sympathetic for me. I have always regarded him as a selfish, weak, purse-proud man; but I am obliged to say that in this case he has behaved well,—very well. You must believe me. Monsieur Prévost has not only behaved well; he has behaved with delicacy and kindness, and shown the utmost repugnance to bear any testimony against any one; but, as in nearly all such cases, there are facts which are embarrassing, and——"

"Oh! forgive me, mon père! forgive me!" entreated Vévette, the tears streaming afresh down her cheeks. "I will speak ill of no one, I promise you; but it is so hard to bear;—and all the harder that I know my own sin in loving Raoul as I do; loving him better than everything!" and she wrung her hands in despair.

"What is this?" asked the Curé, seizing her hands in his, and not sorry to divert her thoughts into a new channel; "what is this nonsense, Vêvette? You mean to be Raoul's wife, do you not, if it pleases God to bring him safe out of all these troubles? And as I know you, I know beyond all doubt that you will at all times be worthy to be his wife,—be pure and spotless as snow." He looked hard at her, and spoke slowly.

And she, with a deep blush, whispered "Yes, I will."

"Well then," he resumed, with what was almost an accent of irritation, "what is all this absurdity,—all this exaggeration? We have trials and troubles enough before us; don't let us increase them by our own voluntary act. Let us try to act and think uprightly, honestly, and not get entangled in any of the villainously crooked ways of over-scrupulousness. Beware of that, Vêvette. It all comes from the false teachings of the convent. I know it well; it's not the first time I've had to deal with it."

"Monsieur le Curé," interrupted Vêvette; "it is all too late now. I cannot repent, but I know my sin. I know I am risking my salvation in loving him as I do, but I will risk it. I will risk life and soul for him now."

"You will do no such thing," interrupted the priest, in an extremely stern tone. "You shall learn to distinguish between real right and real wrong, my poor child, or I will not help you. I will have no false morality; above all, no false purity,—which is of all things the most impure. You shall see the truth and worship it. You shall love God and fear Him, and bear whatever He gives you to bear,—mark you, whatever it may be. But when once you are the wife of the man you have chosen, you shall love him with all your heart, wholly and entirely, and so that you shall love nothing else in the whole world half as much. And you shall do this because this is Christian law, the law of God, whatever all the Jesuits and all the nuns in all the convents in Christendom may tell you to the contrary. And now, my poor dear child, go home, try to be calm, lift your whole heart up to God, and rely upon me utterly."

Strengthened, though somewhat abashed, by the Curé's resolute ways, Vêvette prepared to obey. When she had reached the door, "Mon père," inquired she, "may I not know what it is Monsieur Richard had to say? You see I am quiet now; and I will never speak ill of Monsieur Richard again."

The Curé reflected, and answered at last; "Perhaps I ought to refuse, but it would be worse if you heard what has happened from any one else. Promise me to be courageous, and to trust in Providence for help. Monsieur Richard has been obliged to produce a letter which he found after his uncle's death, in which Raoul asks old Prévost for two thousand francs, and says, that if he does not

obtain them within a week, life is worthless to him. The letter is dated just a week before the murder."

"Raoul never wrote it," exclaimed Vévette.

"Raoul did write it, my child," retorted the Curé, "for I have had the letter in my hands, and read it."

"Has Raoul seen it?" she asked wildly.

"Not yet, it has not been shown to him yet; they are waiting for further instructions from the *Chef Lieu*." And then, seeing that Vévette was almost fainting from the effects of this last piece of news, "My child," he added gravely and tenderly, "the discovery of this letter does not destroy my moral conviction in Raoul's innocence. It must not injure yours. Go, and trust in God, and at all moments rely upon my devotion."

And she went, mournfully, but determined to do her best.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE JUGE D'INSTRUCTION.

As the doctor had predicted, the complications of the case became more embarrassing with every hour, and when the "authorities" had arrived at D—,—which they did the third day after Raoul's arrest,—and an "instruction" had for the second time been set on foot touching the murder of Martin Prévost, the proceedings were quickly involved in such intricacy of detail, that the wisest of the magistrates declared there was no means of seeing clear in the matter. This being so, and the natural tendency of all French lawyers being granted, of course the current of professional opinion set in dead against the prisoners, and more, even, against Monsieur de Morville than against Prosper.

Everything combined to make Raoul the more interesting culprit of the two; and the singularly sharp, inhuman propensities which invariably develop themselves in a Frenchman the moment he has to do with the workings of criminal law, gave themselves full swing directly there was a probability of a condemnation in the upper ranks of society.

No one who does not live in French society,—who is not "of it,"—will ever attain to a thorough knowledge of the inordinate measure of that society's conservatism. There is scarcely anything in the way of injustice or cruelty at which the individual in France will stop if you appeal to him in the name of "society," and remind him of his protective duties as a member of it.

And the origin of all this ferocity,—as it is of nearly all cruelty,—is simply fear. To be governed, defended, and if needed, avenged! to be in every possible and imaginable way "taken care of," is the eternal ideal of a Frenchman! And the most perfect lamb of a

cotton night-cap maker, whose wife leads him the life of a dog, will turn into a very hyæna if you put into his hands the fate of one of his fellow-creatures suspected of a crime against purse or person. There are no merciful jurors in France, as there are few,—if any,—perfectly just judges. Bring a human being before them as an “accusé,” and bench, bar, and jury are all predisposed to believe him guilty, are all more or less desirous that he should be proved so. In the case of the juror, the one guiding sentiment is, “This might have happened to me!” In the case of the magistracy, the ardour of pursuit is inflamed to a degree incredible to those who have not seen it with their own eyes.

The innocence of a mere human being, a unit in the social sum total, is of comparatively no consequence. Think of poor, dear, unoffending, unprotected “society,”—that is, you and me, and “everybody” generally,—if one of these horrible beasts of prey gets loose!

Now all this amount of cruelty and cowardice, animating every single functionary from the Juge d’Instruction down to the Garde Champêtre, took Raoul de Morville for its butt. In the first place, he was in reality more interesting than the woodcutter; and in the next, no intense feeling divides itself. It chooses arbitrarily, and there, where it has become fixed, it concentrates all its energy. Raoul was, therefore, the pet victim, the favourite of this dreadful race, and he or she was but ill received who ventured to hint at the possibility of his innocence in the presence of any one belonging to la robe.

The townspeople of D—— however, imperfectly informed as they now were, continued to behave in a not totally discreditable manner. There were parties for and against the accused; and, supposing him to be proved absolutely innocent, free from all possible suspicion,—so perfectly spotless, in short, as to render his being “let loose” again manifestly without danger to themselves,—there were people in D—— who would be actually glad of his acquittal; which was saying a great deal.

The Juge d’Instruction sent down to investigate the case of the Prévost murder was a hard, opinionated man, whose zeal was, on this particular occasion, stimulated by two different causes,—one, that his colleague in the original proceedings of seven months before had evidently made a mess of the whole business; and the other, that he himself had been twice unlucky within the last twelvemonth,—namely, had twice seen criminals, prejudged and precondemned in his own mind, escape him. He was determined this should not be the case now, and that if Raoul got out of his clutches it should not be his fault. The natural consequence of all this was, that the whole course of the instruction was directed against Monsieur de Morville, whilst the Breton was treated as of less importance. Towards

Richard Prévost the behaviour of the Juge d'Instruction was almost deferential; he reproached him with too much leniency only, with a culpable disregard for the sacred interests of "society," in screening, as it must be admitted he had done, a man so evidently guilty! Still, the magistrate was willing to call this an "amiable weakness,"—so long as he was not himself expected to exercise it,—and Monsieur Richard being the wealthiest member of the community in D—, came to be truly a "representative man;" and "society" becoming, therefore, as it were, incarnate in him, the Juge protected him accordingly. But from first to last he went his own way, would listen to no suggestion from any one,—not even from the Curé. He disliked priests, he said!—and meant to leave this inquisition of his into the Prévost murder as a model of sagacity and penetration to all juges d'instruction to come.

Raoul was kept with unmitigated severity in solitary confinement, it having been resolved to collect the entire amount of evidence against him before subjecting him to the first interrogatory. The letter found by Richard Prévost after his uncle's death was in the hands of the Juge. He pronounced it, as far as his opinion went, "quite conclusive," but reserved it as the one proof wherewith to crush Raoul's defence, whenever he attempted to make any.

Now, what were the results of the examinations which Prosper Morel had to undergo? They were very unsatisfactory, and extremely hard to get at, for he sometimes refused doggedly to answer at all; at others, he insisted upon the presence of the Curé, which the Juge would not permit, and perpetually declared that since he had confessed his crime, that was enough, and that he ought to be allowed the full and entire benefit of expiation without delay.

One thing he persisted in from the outset, namely, that Monsieur de Morville had absolutely nothing to do with the whole, that he scarcely knew him, and had, he believed, never spoken to him in his life. From two or three small facts which came out, and which we will relate in due time, this seemingly proved too much. Consequently it increased suspicion, and made the bûcheron's denials of Raoul's complicity unavailing.

As far as Prosper's own statement went, here was what, with infinite trouble, was made out;—He had assassinated old Prévost on the morning of the 14th of October of the previous year. He had had "words" with his master some days before, and had, in fact, been turned out of his service on account of the complaints made against him for poaching. Subsequently, his master had consented to keep him on; but the bûcheron had not forgiven or forgotten the offence, and had been terrified by the notion of how insecure his means of livelihood were, exposed as he was at any moment to be turned adrift, and die of hunger on the roadside. This had driven him to commit the crime. This "and the counsels of the Tempter,"

he added. And when he was asked who the "tempter" was, he invariably replied, "The devil in the form of a man!"

Who this "man" was he stubbornly refused to say, and when driven too far, would sit down and oppose silence only to all questions. "Take him back to his cell and lock him up till he chooses to speak; I can wait for ever!" was the Juge's sole resource; but to this the Breton always yielded;—the notion of perpetual and solitary confinement, with no "chance of expiation," as he termed it, being full of invincible terror to his gloomy superstitious nature.

The manner in which the crime had been committed was, according to the account extracted from the *bûcheron*, as follows;—The moment Madame Jean and Nicholas were both gone out, Prosper stole from his hiding-place,—where that had been he refused to say,—and crept upstairs to his master's room. On looking through the key-hole he perceived Monsieur Prévost, already dressed, and standing in front of his desk, which was open. He knocked at the door, and when told to come in, began by asking pardon for coming at such an early hour,—it was then about half-past six,—but he said that, being,—as his master knew,—obliged to go to Jouzy,—a village some five miles off,—to deliver some timber, he had thought it well to come and consult Monsieur touching the arrangement to be made about a certain quantity of wood to be furnished for sleepers to the railway administration. He reminded old Prévost that when at Jouzy he was not very far from the M—— station, and that, instead of losing another day, he might as well settle about the sleepers at once. He said he was persuaded his victim would immediately search for the minute of the agreement made with the railway people, and that he should then have him at his mercy. This was precisely what happened. Martin Prévost bent forwards and pulled out a drawer in his desk in which he kept papers of importance; and while he was in the act of so doing, Prosper took a deliberate aim from behind with a hammer which he had concealed under his blouse, and hit him just above the nape of the neck. Stunned by the blow, old Prévost fell without uttering even a groan, only stretching forth his arms. The murderer avowed that, after his victim had fallen, he struck him twice or three times more. He could not tell precisely how many times, but he said he struck him to make sure he was dead.

The manner of his escape was clear enough, and,—favoured as the abominable deed had been by chance,—easy enough to understand. Wiping the hammer on the clothes of the murdered man, he concealed it again under his blouse, and crept down-stairs. He then went into the store-room opening on to the court, in the window whereof, as we may remember, a pane had been taken out. He admitted that he had himself, during the night time, extracted this window-pane quite at his ease. The opening was large, sufficient to allow of the passage of a man's body. He got out that way into the court, and crossed it

to the kitchen garden. There he found the pair of shoes of which we have heard; and there another act of the drama took place, which we will give in the Breton's own words.

"I took off my own shoes where the pavement of the courtyard ceased, tied them with their own laces to my leathern belt, and waited."

"For whom?" asked the Juge.

"For the devil," was the reply; "and he came quickly. He gave me the box; it was a small one that used to stand on the top of a press in Monsieur's room; it had no key; it shut with a hook only; he opened it, showed me the gold and the pocket-book; shut it again, and I put it under my arm and went away. To cross the garden so as to mislead by the footmarks, I shoved the fore part of my feet into the shoes, and walked as well as I could,—it is a very short distance,—trying to make a very heavy indent in the earth. Outside the garden comes the field that leads down to the little stream running into the Cholet high-road. There was not a soul anywhere within sight;—seven o'clock had not yet struck;—so I made my way across the field down to the edge of the stream."

"Still in those small shoes?" inquired the Juge.

"Still with the fore part of my feet in those shoes," was the answer.

"It's impossible," retorted the magistrate; "simply impossible!"

"Then ask me nothing more," was the bûcheron's rejoinder; and half an hour was spent in inducing him to speak. Then he resumed his story.

"On the edge of the water," he said, "I rested, took off the shoes, opened the box,—which was just big enough to hold them,—put them into it, and walked bare-foot down the stream to the road. All trace was then lost. I dropped my hammer among the stones at the bottom of the water, and if you look for it there, you will find it. I now put on my own shoes, saw that there was no one in sight, crossed the high road quickly, plunged into the woods on the opposite side, and knew I was safe then. I made my way round, by a *détour* of more than an hour, to the place where I was arrested the other day, and where I have lived almost ever since. I buried the box there, and over it I raised at first a hut of branches and twigs, where I could find shelter if it rained hard; later, I built what stands there now, and I tried to construct a chapel."

"When did you do that?" was asked.

"After the Feast for the Dead."

Beyond this, nothing was to be learnt, and all the bullying of the Juge d'Instruction was of no use. The hammer was sought for in the stream, and found; and, so far, the old man's statements received material confirmation. But the Juge d'Instruction, whose mind was made up beforehand, would not accept one word about the use made

of the shoes. These fitted Raoul de Morville perfectly, and that was proof enough of his guilt,—more than sufficient, combined with his letter to the murdered man.

To do Richard Prévost justice, the fact of his having had to produce this letter seemed to cause him unutterable pain. The Curé called upon him, and, as a friend of Raoul's, spoke to him upon the fearful subject, and was touched by the grief he showed. Monsieur Richard inquired from him to what it was possible that Raoul alluded by the closing words of his letter to old Prévost, in which he mentioned a "service" rendered to his mother? The Curé said there was a very good reason for it.

"It was in the time of my predecessor," he recounted. "I was then Vicaire of D——, and already intimate at the Château, and at la Morvillière. Madame de Morville and Madame de Vêrancour were bosom friends, and I was the intermediary of the charities their limited means allowed them to dispense. Madame de Morville was just eighteen, and a wife of not a year's standing. Old Madame Prévost, your uncle's mother, was an old woman, who died a couple of years later. I would fain not speak ill of my neighbour, but I believe your uncle's father to have been about as completely wanting in all good qualities as ever man was. He ill-treated his wretched wife, who was older than himself, and, above all, he insisted on her openly professing the impious doctrines he himself professed. The unhappy woman,—who had no particular convictions of any kind, and no great stock of godness either,—had one tender point. Your uncle Martin was then a young man. He fell ill of typhus fever, and was at death's door. La Mère Prévost, as she was called, was in such despair, that she came in secret to my superior, the then Curé of D——, and implored his help. He did what he thought right;—I don't think it was so;—he told her to repent, to do penance, to return to her religious duties, and to give whatever she could in charity. She brought him five hundred francs the next day! But now comes the pith of the story. Where did she get them? It was supposed she had stolen them from her husband! One thing is certain, that at the end of the month she was in great danger of being turned out of doors or beaten to death. His avarice was beyond description. Madame de Morville saved her. She gave her all she had, which was three hundred francs, and borrowed two from Madame de Vêrancour, which she repaid little by little. What they feared was, that our Curé should get into trouble, which he would have done, had your uncle's father found out what had happened. But any how Madame de Morville saved your great aunt; and she never forgot it; for in her last illness,—she became devout after Prévost died,—I myself heard her tell her son never to forget what she owed to Madame de Morville."

"And Monsieur Raoul knew of this?" asked Richard Prévost.

"I think Madame de Vêrancour told it him when he was a boy ; but I am not quite certain."

With Monsieur de Morville the case stood ill, and in the mind of the Juge d'Instruction his guilt was evident. Prosper Morel said he did not believe they had ever spoken together. This was at once disproved by the church beadle, who, on the day of All Souls, saw Raoul return into church after every one had left, and remain "in close conversation,"—so he stated,—with Prosper Morel "for full ten minutes,"—the Juge wanted him to say a quarter of an hour, but he wouldn't. This was directly after the Curé's famous sermon.

Then the Vêrancour family, and Monsieur Richard, and Monsieur le Curé had all recognised Raoul late one night on the road, coming out of the path leading up to Prosper's abode ! Where could he be coming from, if not from visiting his accomplice ?

And the fatal shoes, too, that fitted him so well !

All went against Raoul ; and when the Juge thought he had already morally convicted him, he resolved to crush him past all possible resistance, with his own terrible letter. "And now, pray, what do you say to that ?" he exclaimed, triumphantly, after reading the document. "Do you deny having written it ?"

"Certainly not !" replied Raoul, proudly, "for it affords one clear proof of my innocence. I did write it, and Monsieur Prévost answered it, and answered it by sending me the two thousand francs !"

At this, the exasperation of the magistrate knew no bounds ; he positively insulted the prisoner ; but Raoul flatly refused to answer one other question until he had been allowed to write to his uncle the admiral in Paris, to send him Martin Prévost's letter. He wrote, sent the key of the secrétaire in which the letter was kept, and then told the Juge d'Instruction he would not submit to any further inquiry till the answer came. It would be forty-eight hours' delay, still there was no preventing it ; but what puzzled and annoyed the Juge more than the delay was that, if Martin Prévost really had of his own free will lent Raoul the two thousand francs, half of the case for the prosecution was destroyed.

And "la vindicte publique !" where would that be ?

THE PANSLAVIST REVIVAL IN EASTERN EUROPE.

TWENTY years ago, in the midst of the conflict of political principles and theories which convulsed the Continent, Germany and the countries of the West were startled by the sudden growth and development of an extensive national movement, the ruling idea of which had until then lain almost unsuspected in the brains of a few Russian conspirators and Czech professors. That idea was Panslavism, or, in other words, the union of the Slavonians* in a single State under the predominance of Russia. Such a project was well calculated to rouse the fears of the West, for it meant nothing less than the annihilation of Austria and Turkey, and the elevation of Russia to the rank of the first power in Europe. Its realisation would leave Austria with a few Magyar districts in Hungary which would be speedily absorbed by the Slavonians who surround them, the Rouman portions of Transylvania and the Banat which would gravitate towards the kindred State of Roumania, and one or two German provinces whose natural destiny it is in any case to form part of the united Germany of the future. Turkey, besides losing the greater portion of her territory, would have her north-western frontier entirely exposed to the attack of Russia, who, with twenty millions of Slavonians at her back, would no longer hesitate to achieve the object of her traditional policy,—the possession of Constantinople; while the new Slavonic empire, holding the keys of India on the Dardanelles, and dominating the countries on the Mediterranean from Trieste, would practically become the arbiter of the old world.†

These Panslavist dreams, abandoned for a time in the general reaction which followed the excesses of 1848, have within the last few months again agitated the restless populations of Eastern Europe. Panslavist Congresses have been held at Moscow and Belgrade; the Russian language, Russian theatres, and the Russian national hymn, are now the fashion at the principal Slavonic capitals; and in

* We say "Slavonians" rather than "Slavs," because the former word most resembles the name of the race as expressed in the chief Slavonic languages. A Russian, Pole, or Czech calls himself "Slavianin" or "Slovianin," not "Slav." The word "Slav" is as yet hardly naturalised among us, for we still say "Slavonic" and "Slavonian," not "Slavic" and "Slavian." The form "Slavonians" is used by Gibbon, Hallam, and Latham.

† The population of Turkey in Europe (excluding Roumania, and the Slavonic States of Servia and Montenegro) is 10,500,000, of whom 4,700,000 are Slavonians. In Austria, whose population is 32,000,000, there are 15,000,000 of Slavonians.

Bohemia, Eastern Galicia, Servia, and the Slavonic districts of Hungary, Panslavism is openly preached by the press and at public meetings, with a fanatical enthusiasm and mystic fervour which call to mind the religious "revivals" of England and America. This new Panslavist movement is, in fact, a political "revival" on a large scale,—passionate, unreasoning, spasmodic, and therefore apt to be transitory, but still not without a practical meaning and importance, which, in the present disturbed state of Eastern politics, should make it the object of the careful attention of statesmen. In itself, indeed, the movement is not of a nature to cause any immediate danger to European peace, for the experience of contemporary history teaches that the establishment of a political unity on the basis of nationality is, even under the most favourable circumstances, a work of much time and difficulty. There is at this moment no national aspiration which, all things considered, has, perhaps, a fairer chance of fulfilment than that of the German unionists; yet who shall say when the unity of Germany will be completed? Even in the Northern bund there is much disaffection; the condition of Hanover shows how difficult it is to reconcile the inhabitants of States, which have for centuries enjoyed a separate existence, to the loss of their independence; and these difficulties must be multiplied tenfold in the case of such countries as Bavaria and Würtemberg, whose traditional policy, popular customs, and national character are to a great extent opposed to those of the Northern Germans. We have a practical illustration of such difficulties in Italy, to say nothing of the additional obstacle to Italian unity created by the Roman question. Even more impracticable seems the policy of the Unionist party in Russia, which aims at the Russification of the Polish and German districts of that empire and the extension of its frontiers to the Carpathians; or that of the Rouman Nationalists, who dream of a "Daco-Rouman" empire, comprising, in addition to Moldavia and Wallachia, the Rouman portions of Austria and Russia. But though all these plans may be more or less visionary, they are seriously entertained nevertheless, and have their influence on the policy of States. The idea of Panslavism is quite as visionary as that of a Daco-Roumania, as we shall proceed to show; and the important part it now plays in Eastern politics is entirely due to the fact that it is used as an instrument of aggressive action by Russia.

It is remarkable that the empire which is looked up to by the Panslavists as the future liberator and head of the Slavonic nations is not, strictly speaking, itself a Slavonic country. Not one of the sovereigns by whom, since her foundation, Russia has been despotically ruled, was a Slavonian; her policy, both at home and abroad, never had anything in common with that of the great Slavonic States of central and south-eastern Europe; and although her Ruthenian and Polish provinces, which are in a chronic state of discontent, are

unquestionably Slavonian, the researches of modern ethnologists have shown that Russia proper is mainly inhabited by a race whose characteristics differ considerably from those of the Slavonians, and are more nearly allied to those of the Finns and other Asiatic races. The theory of the Slavonic origin of the Russians is, indeed, of comparatively recent date, and was only accepted by the Russian Government when the spread of Panslavism began to give it a political value. Catherine II., in her celebrated declaration relative to the mode of teaching Russian history, expressly says that "although the Russians are not of the same origin as the Slavonians, there is no repulsion between them." But historical truth is a virtue to which no Russian monarch has yet sacrificed his political designs, and the only histories which are now allowed to be taught in the schools of the empire boldly declare the Russians to be the largest and most important branch of the great Slavonic race. The same theory has been industriously spread by Russian agents among the Slavonians of Austria and Turkey. It was blindly accepted, too, in Western Europe,—and even, strange to say, in Poland,—until some fifteen years ago, when a Ruthenian professor named Duchinski exposed the fraud, and began a scientific controversy which is still raging between Paris and St. Petersburg.

The scientific side of the Panslavist question is, however, of little practical importance, except in so far as it discloses the ambitious designs of Russia. Whether the Russians are Slavonians or not, it is certain that they have persuaded the Slavonians of south-eastern Europe to regard them as such, and the Panslavists are not likely to allow the success of their cause to depend on a disputed question of ethnology. Far more important, in a political sense, is the train of ideas and aspirations, stretching over a period of nearly half a century, which gradually led to the present influence of the Panslavist doctrines on the policy of the Russian nation and its government. Curiously enough, these doctrines, which are now identified with the cause of despotism and reaction, were originally conceived as a means of introducing into Russia the liberal institutions of Western Europe.

The officers who accompanied Alexander I. in his European campaigns had observed with delighted admiration the political freedom enjoyed by the countries they had visited, and they returned to Russia full of new ideas which soon became very popular among their more intelligent countrymen,—especially as the emperor himself, whose character presented a singular mixture of worldly astuteness and mystic enthusiasm, openly encouraged them. But nothing came of this awakening of the national mind. Though amusing themselves with the wildest political theories the Russians made no attempt whatever to reduce their speculations to practice. It is true that Alexander, in a fit of liberal generosity, conceived the idea of restoring

Poland; but he was dissuaded from this plan by the greatest of Russian historians, Karamsyn, who, with all his love for theoretical liberalism, was too sagacious not to perceive that a constitutional Poland, even under the sceptre of the Czars, must in the end cause the destruction of that "wise autocracy" which he considered indispensable to Russia. Thus the few noble spirits who had sincerely striven to raise their country from the abject servility into which it had fallen under the pressure of centuries of tyranny, saw, with intense disappointment, all their efforts fall unheeded against the passive resistance of a nation which, while loudly praising the liberal institutions of the West, bore with equanimity the most absolute of despotisms. It almost seemed that the Austrian ambassador, Baron von Herberstein, who visited Russia in the sixteenth century, was not so very far wrong when he declared that the Russian nation "prefers servitude to liberty." Sayings equally bitter were now poured forth freely from the lips of Russia's greatest writers. Pouschkin's most famous poem, "*Eugene Onegin*," was a powerful satire on the national levity of his countrymen; and Tchadaïeff exclaimed in despair, "The past of Russia has been useless, her present is barren, and she has no future."

It was at this period, when the purest and most enthusiastic Russian patriots began to lose all hope of their country, that the idea occurred to them of introducing liberty into Russia by uniting her in a federation with the freedom-loving Slavonic peoples of the South. This idea was eagerly accepted by the Poles, and a sort of Panslavist league was formed between the advanced politicians of both nations. The death of Alexander, and the momentary confusion caused by the disputed claims of Nicholas and Constantine to the succession, furnished the members of this league with the occasion of producing an outbreak at St. Petersburg, which, however, only showed how little real sympathy was to be expected from the Russians for any liberal movement. The cry of the insurgents was "Constantine and the Constitution!" but the latter word had no power to charm the people to their banners, and the few who joined them were only persuaded to do so on being assured that by "the Constitution" was meant Constantine's wife. The outbreak proved a complete failure, and its chief promoters were either executed or sent to Siberia. A new and increasing party, that of the "Old Russians," who aimed at a restoration of the customs and institutions which prevailed in Russia before Peter the Great, now pursued with energy the Panslavist movement inaugurated by Pestel and his friends; but the majority even of the more enlightened classes of the nation remained as passive to the exhortations of the Panslavists as they had been to those of the Liberals. As for the Emperor Nicholas, though he permitted the Panslavists to give full scope to their doctrines and plans in the press, he had too great a horror of anything like a popular movement, even when it favoured

his own designs, to encourage a Panslavist propaganda in the territories of his neighbours. Perhaps the movement would have died out altogether in Russia, if it had not been supported abroad by men of far greater ability than the frivolous theorists of St. Petersburg. Among these were the most eminent Czech poets and historians, such as Kollar, Palatzky, and Shaffarik. The Polish poet Mickiewicz, who is regarded by the Slavonians with a love and veneration which is hardly to be conceived by the less impressionable populations of Western Europe, also adopted the Panslavist doctrines, together with other fantastic notions, during his weary years of exile in Paris, though he afterwards renounced them on his death-bed at Constantinople. Another Pole of first-rate ability, but of a very different cast of mind,—the Marquis Wielopolski, whose conduct during the last Polish insurrection has since disgraced him in the eyes of all Polish patriots,—published, shortly after the Austrian massacres in Galicia in 1846, a pamphlet which produced a profound sensation in the Slavonic world. Addressing his countrymen in the form of a letter to Prince Metternich, he told them that they had too long suffered Europe to use them as her tool to check the advance of the Czars, and proposed that they should now aid Russia in forming a great Slavonic empire, in which they would play a part more worthy of their glorious past, and inspire respect and fear where they had hitherto been only received with hollow sympathy and scornful pity. This plan, which the Marquis developed with rare ability and eloquence, might, in the then bitter and despairing state of the Polish mind, have changed the face of Europe, if it had been supported by the Russian Government. But, as we have seen, the Emperor Nicholas was not favourable to the designs of the Panslavists, and his haughty temper was averse from anything like a compromise with the Poles. The project thus fell to the ground, and is now only remembered in Poland as one of the many acts of treason to his country committed by the author of the cruel and impolitic recruitment of 1863. But the Wielopolski pamphlet was too practically suggestive to remain entirely without result. It pointed out for the first time, in a logical and statesman-like form, a definite object of aspiration to the Panslavists of Prague, Agram, and Belgrade, and they were not slow to avail themselves of its teachings. The learned Czech leader Palatzky, and Ostroynsky, the celebrated patriot of Croatia, now set about converting the hitherto purely literary Panslavist movement which had for some time been actively pursued in the Slavonic universities, into a political propaganda, of which the principal feature was the popularisation of the doctrine that Russia is the natural protector of the Slavonians against the Germanising tendencies of Austria and the oppression of Turkey. The outbreak of the Revolution of 1848 enabled these agitators to pursue their designs with impunity; but the intractability of the revolutionary leaders, and the aversion with

which they were regarded by the Russian Government, effectually neutralised all the Panslavist plans, and the Germans speedily resumed their old supremacy in the empire. The total collapse of the Panslavist movement which followed was strikingly shown during the Crimean war, when, though the moment might have been propitious for an insurrection in the Slavonic provinces of Turkey similar to that which broke out in its Greek provinces, the Panslavists made no sign. As for the Poles, they showed so little liking for Panslavism that their eastern provinces,—Volhynia and the Ukraine,—actually rose in insurrection,*—a fact which seems to have been forgotten by those of our politicians who are continually asking the Poles why they did not rise during the Crimean war. This insurrection would probably have spread over the whole of Poland if the Poles had not been totally unprovided with arms of any kind, even the fowling-pieces they used in shooting having been seized by the Government before the war began.

The restoration of peace, and the accession of an Emperor with a reputation for liberal opinions, turned the attention of all parties in Russia to the internal affairs of their country. We have already shown how weak is the basis on which political opinions rest in Russia, and how easily the Russians are swayed about from one opinion to another without showing themselves to be in earnest about any. Since the accession of Alexander there have been three great political movements, or rather manias, in Russia; the liberal mania, whose practical side was limited to an attempt to secure a moderate amount of provincial self-government, while theoretically it aimed at socialism and territorial communism; the Russification mania, of which the chief element was a frantic desire to exterminate the Polish element in the Polish provinces; and, finally, the Panslavist mania. In all these violent changes of national aspiration and effort the Emperor, unlike his predecessors, who were the be-all and end-all of Russian political life, followed instead of leading the stream. Even that great and beneficent measure, which must always remain the glory of his reign,—the emancipation of the serfs,—was not, as is often believed in England, an original conception of his mind, realised and carried out by him out of pure philanthropy, and in spite of the opposition of his entourage. It was planned and prepared, not by a liberal philanthropist, but by the cruel and despotic Nicholas, with the object of strengthening the imperial power, and checking that of the nobles; and its execution has been entrusted to officials who have done their best to obstruct and delay its effective working. With much of the transitory enthusiasm and uncertain benevolence of his father and

* It is a curious fact, not generally known, that this insurrection was organised on precisely the same plan as that of 1863, with a secret Polish Government served by its own officials in all classes of society and departments of State.

namesake, the present Emperor's best intentions were thwarted by an infirmity of purpose which makes him the plaything of every influence that happens to be predominant at his court. It was thus that the emancipator of the serfs conferred the highest honours of the State on the "hangman" Mouravieff, that the inaugurator of liberal reforms refused to accept the moderate addresses of the nobiliary assemblies of Moscow and St. Petersburg because they asked for a few constitutional rights, and that the mild ruler who had raised the hopes of Poland by restoring some of her old national institutions, afterwards sanctioned measures of repression which even Nicholas had never attempted, and thereby provoked an insurrection which was put down by acts of vengeance and spoliation such as Nicholas had never dreamt of executing.

The head of the Panslavist movement at the Russian court is the Grand-Duke Constantine, a prince of far greater natural ability and cultivation than his brother, though his brief political career at Warsaw showed that he wants the firmness and energy of character necessary in a ruler. The grand-duke, who is somewhat more of a student than of a man of action, has hitherto always remained consistent to his political principles,—so much so that when the Mouravieff mania was at its height in Russia he withdrew from St. Petersburg rather than appear by his presence to sanction a policy for which he professed the utmost abhorrence. A Liberal after the fashion of Russian Liberals, he is more attached to the theory than to the reality of freedom, and would extend to the Russian people the privileges of local self-administration, and even of a representative assembly, but only on the condition that both the executive power and the initiative in all legislation shall remain in the hands of the sovereign. With him Panslavism, like his other political principles, seems to assume an amiable and enlightened character, being chiefly directed to the promotion of a literary and social union between the various branches of the Slavonic race, or at most to the formation of a Slavonic confederation in which each State should enjoy its own customs and local government. This, of course, is also the aspiration of the Slavonians of Austria and Turkey, who, though loudly calling upon Russia to assume the position of their protector and future head, have no notion of submitting themselves to the despotic authority of the Czars. They wish to march, like the Germans, to liberty through unity, forgetting that though Prussia might some day become Germany, a united Slavonia can never be anything but Russia.

Very different in character and political principle to the Grand Duke Constantine,—whose supporters are confined to a small but influential circle at court, comprising the Minister of Finance, M. Reutern, and the Minister of the Interior, M. Valuyeff,—is the other and far more popular chief of the Russian Panslavists, M. Katkoff. This extraordinary man has for the last ten years exercised an almost

absolute influence on the course of events in Russia, thanks to his strong and versatile intellect and a vehemence of character which has a singular fascination for the naturally impassive Russian mind. As editor of the "Moscow Gazette," M. Katkoff has peculiar opportunities for the exercise of these qualities, and his vigorous and picturesque style, glittering with a splendour of classical imagery that displays somewhat ostentatiously his intimate knowledge of the best writers of ancient Greece and Rome, has gained him an immense number of readers in a country where politicians can only address the public through the press. It is not, however, to his literary or intellectual qualities that he owes his popularity, so much as to the passionate violence of his invective, and the dogged, unscrupulous persistence with which he attacks an adverse theory or hunts down an opponent. He remained comparatively unknown while, as editor of the "Russian Messenger," he wrote some of his ablest and most thoughtful articles, especially those on the English Constitution, a subject to which he has devoted much careful and intelligent study. It was not until the panic produced by the incendiary fires at St. Petersburg, when he attacked with bitter rancour the theories of Herzen and the Russian Radicals and by a few cruel but well-directed blows utterly destroyed their influence, that he began to be a power in the State. During the Polish insurrection he again achieved a brilliant success by urging on the Russian people and Government to a policy of fierce and pitiless repression, and raising Mouravieff, the worthy instrument of that policy, from the disgrace into which he was plunged by his scandalous frauds while Minister of the Crown Domains, to the position of a national hero. M. Katkoff had now become so powerful that he ventured to attack no less a personage than the Grand-Duke Constantine, and that with such animosity and bitterness that he was repeatedly fined by the censors. He then appealed to the Ministry at St. Petersburg; and although he had two influential adversaries in the Cabinet, MM. Valuyeff and Golovnin, his indomitable energy foiled all their efforts.* He returned to Moscow with a promise that the censorship should be directed to exempt his articles from its severities, and resumed his crusade against the Grand-Duke and the Liberals with more fury than ever. Since then there has been a sort of reconciliation between the opponents; the Polish question, which was the chief cause of their quarrel, lost much of its interest for the Russian public, and M. Katkoff provided it with a new subject of enthusiasm, with which the Grand-Duke for once could sympathise, in the Moscow Congress.

This famous congress, which has been described with such happy

* It is remarkable that one of his active supporters on this occasion was the Foreign Minister, Prince Gortchakoff.

satire by M. Klaczko in the "*Revue des Deux Mondes*,"* had its origin, like the Panslavist movement, of which it is the most recent and striking exponent, in a purely scientific project conceived by a few professors. In 1864 the Society of the Friends of Natural Science at Moscow proposed to organise an ethnological exhibition, representing types of the various races that inhabit Russia, with their costumes, arms, and habitations. This proposal, though it found favour with a few scientific men and literati, had no attractions for the general public, whose attention was then fully occupied, under the guidance of M. Katkoff, with the measures of spoliation which were being carried out by the Government in Poland. The war of 1866, however, gave a new direction to the political aspirations of the Russians. The moment seemed to have arrived when the principle of nationality was to be dominant in Europe, and, seeing the example of Italy so speedily followed by Germany, Russia began to ask herself whether it was not now her turn to take up the game of national unification, which had hitherto been so successful. If Prussia, it was argued, could annex the Germans, and Sardinia the Italians, why should not Russia annex the Slavonians? M. Katkoff was here, as usual, the first in the field, and developed with characteristic impetuosity the idea which had thus spontaneously presented itself to his aspiring countrymen. Panslavism now became the fashion at Moscow and St. Petersburg; the contagion spread to the scientific world, and the project of an ethnographical exhibition was extended, in accordance with the mania of the day, so as to comprise the Slavonian peoples of Austria and Turkey as well as the mixed races inhabiting the Russian empire. The plan, thus amended, was enthusiastically taken up by all classes. The emperor and empress subscribed considerable sums for the expenses of the undertaking, the Grand-Duke Vladimir accepted the post of honorary president, and high court and ecclesiastical dignitaries figured among the directors. Even the official "*Russian Correspondence*," the organ of the party of the Grand-Duke Constantine in the Cabinet, warmly supported the project, and traced the policy to be adopted towards the Slavonian visitors who had been invited to the Exhibition. "We shall show our guests," it said, "that they have come to a sister nation from which they have everything to expect, and nothing to fear; we shall listen to their grievances, and the recital of their sufferings can only tighten the bonds which unite them to us. If they attempt to make a comparison between their political condition and ours," the "*Correspondence*" candidly added, with a side-glance at possible alarms in Western Europe, "we shall not be so simple as to argue that they are in the most favourable position for developing their Slavonian nationality. We have said a hundred times that we consider their position a bad one, and we may have to say it again."

* See the *Revue* of the 1st September, 1867. Our account of the Moscow Congress is chiefly based on the information collected by M. Klaczko on this subject.

The invitations to the Exhibition sent to the Slavonians abroad were very differently received in the various countries to which they were directed. In Posen and Western Galicia, most of whose inhabitants are of Polish extraction, the only feeling excited by this new move of their old enemy was one of alarmed suspicion. The Poles knew by bitter experience the consequences of trusting in Russian friendship, and did their best to warn their fellow-Slavonians against the snare which had been laid for them. The Ruthenians* of Eastern Galicia, or "Red Kussia," on the other hand,—which country has since Peter the Great been theoretically claimed by the Czars as emperors "of all the Russias," though it formed part of Poland for the last four hundred years of its existence as an independent State,—were divided in opinion on the subject. The great majority of the educated class, though of Ruthenian origin, are as Polish in language and sentiment as Scotchmen are English, and were not more inclined to accept the Russian overtures than their countrymen at Posen and Cracow. But since the events of 1846 two small, though very active, political parties have arisen among the Ruthenians; that of "Young Ruthenia," and the "St. Your,"—St. George,—party; so called from the name of a United-Greek church at Lemberg. The Young Ruthenians, known in Russia as the Ukrainophilists, have their head-quarters in the universities of Kieff and Kharkoff, and aim secretly at a separation of Ruthenia from both Russia and Poland; they are thus radically opposed in principle to the St. Your party, which consists chiefly of United-Greek clergymen, who act as agents of the Russian propaganda in Galicia and among the 500,000 Ruthenians of north-eastern Hungary. A temporary union, however, between these opposing elements was produced by a concession wisely made by the Austrian Government to the predominant national spirit in Galicia. It was decreed that the language used in the Galician schools, which had until then been the German, should in future be Polish. This naturally displeased both Young Ruthenia and the St. Your party, as their only chance of success lay in their efforts to convert the language of the educated classes in the country from Polish into either Ruthenian or Russian.† They accordingly united against their common adversary, and sent a few journalists and professors to Moscow as a protest

* Rutheni is mediæval Latin for Russians. This, as before observed, is the name of the Norman or Swedish tribe which in the ninth and tenth centuries conquered the greater part of the countries now known as Russia, Lithuania, and Ruthenia. The name of the Norman "Russians" is no more indicative of the characteristics of the various peoples to which it is applied, than the name of the German "French" (Franci) is of those of the inhabitants of modern France.

† The Ruthenian language is very similar to the Polish, and a Pole hearing it for the first time has little difficulty in understanding it. Russian, on the other hand, is quite unintelligible to the peasantry of Galicia and the other Ruthenian provinces of ancient Poland.

against the education of the youth of Ruthenia in the language which has been used from time immemorial by her greatest statesmen and writers.

In Bohemia, the head-quarters of Panslavism, the news of the proposed Slavonic Congress was of course received with joy by Palatzky, Rieger, and other veteran champions of the cause. It is a great mistake, however, to suppose, as is now often done by writers in our press, that the predominant political feeling among the Czechs is attachment to Russia. With the Czechs, as with the Poles, patriotism has always been the ruling passion, and even the Czech Panslavists only invite the protection of Russia from a mistaken idea that no other Power can secure to them the full development of their nationality. The glorious traditions of the history of Bohemia during the fifteen centuries of its independent existence have produced an ineffaceable impression on the minds of its people, especially as during that period every great popular movement in their country was pre-eminently and exclusively a national one. This was most strikingly shown in the desperate religious struggle between the Hussites and the Catholics, which, unlike most religious wars, was far more a conflict of nationalities than of religions. Although the Germans were opposed with such fury in this war that the Capuchin monk, Valerian Magnus, afterwards told the Pope he would undertake to convert the whole world if he had so large an army at his back as had been required to establish the Jesuits in Bohemia, there was perfect religious liberty among the Czechs, and no attempt was made to extend the Hussite doctrines into Germany or the countries of Western Europe. It is the same intense national spirit which now causes the obstinate opposition of the Czechs to the dualism established in Austria by Baron Beust. The uncertain and half-hearted federalism introduced by Count Belcredi, and still more, the utter breakdown of the old political organisation of Austria caused by the disasters of 1866, had raised their hopes to such a degree that they did not hesitate to urge on the Government claims which were too preposterous to be listened to even by a State on the verge of dissolution. They asked for nothing less than the formation of Bohemia, Moravia, and part of Silesia into a distinct State, with a merely dynastic connection between it and Austria, — a demand far more extensive than that which has been conceded to the patriots of Hungary. It was this ideal of the Czechs, called by them "the crown of St. Venceslaus," that the Grand-Duke Constantine probably had in view when he gave his son the name of Venceslaus, suggestive, perhaps, of a future candidate for the Bohemian throne. When these wild pretensions of the Czechs were, as might have been expected, resisted by Baron Beust, they determined to organise an opposition to the Government among their fellow-Slavonians of the empire. A conference was held at Vienna between the principal Slavonian politicians with this object, and there can be no doubt that if they had all

agreed to support the policy of the Czechs, the Government could not constitutionally have proceeded in the course it had adopted, for it could never have secured anything like a representative assembly in which its adherents would not have been largely outvoted. But the Poles wisely declined to lend themselves to so suicidal a policy, and thus turned the scale in favour of the Government. The Czechs, disappointed and disgusted, now gave a ready ear to the representations of the Pan Slavists, who had become quite discredited in Bohemia since the conduct of the Russian Government in Poland, during and after the insurrection of 1863, had taught the Slavonians of Austria what they had to expect from a union with Russia. The invitation to the Moscow Congress was readily accepted, and MM. Palatzky and Rieger, together with eighteen Czech deputies, were despatched to Russia as the representatives of the Czechs at the congress. But though in this way retaliating on the Poles, as well as on the Austrian Government, for the disappointment they had met with at Vienna, the Czechs were still drawn irresistibly towards the nation with which they had hitherto maintained so long and close an alliance, both political and literary. On their way to Russia, MM. Palatzky and Rieger made a long detour by way of Paris, for the purpose of conferring with the principal members of the Polish emigration. Afterwards, at the Moscow Congress, Dr. Rieger interceded warmly in behalf of the Poles, in spite of the loudly expressed discontent of his hearers; and the greatest living poet of Bohemia, John Neruda, has just published a volume full of enthusiastic attachment for Poland.*

It thus appears that the two nations which by their patriotic spirit and superior civilisation have always stood at the head of the great Slavonic race, only joined the Pan Slavists under an impulse of pique, whose results, from its very nature, can be but transitory. The Czechs of Bohemia and the Ruthenians of Poland have, indeed, scarcely an idea or a sympathy in common with the Russians. Their religion is different, their language is different, and all their historical traditions and political tendencies point in the very opposite direction to those of the empire of the Czars. With the Slavonians of the south this is not the case. The great majority of them profess the same religion as the Russians; they have no traditions of constitutional freedom, like the Poles and Czechs; and one of their most important nations,—the Bulgarian,—is, like Russia, composed of a mixture of Slavonians with an Asiatic race. If it be further remembered that in these half-civilised regions nearly all that is known about Russia comes through Russian sources, and that their simple inhabitants, not being near enough to that country to judge for themselves, are naturally inclined to attribute an exaggerated importance to its power and willingness to emancipate them from the hated rule of Austria and Turkey, it will be easy to understand the facility with which they

* "*Kniha Versu*" (a book of poems). By John Neruda. Prague, 1868.

lond themselves to the designs of Russian agitators. The invitation to the congress was accepted by them eagerly, and without the slightest hesitation. From Croatia, Servia, Montenegro, Bulgaria, and even Dalmatia, visitors flocked to Moscow, or, as they called it in their mystic language, "the Slavonic Mecca," to witness what they firmly believed was to be the first step towards the realisation of their political dreams.

The childish curiosity and admiration created in these primitive populations by the barbaric glare with which the Russian Government always attempts to dazzle its foreign visitors, are amusingly illustrated by the letters sent to their chief newspapers by the South Slavonians who attended the congress. The comfort of the first-class carriages in which they were conveyed free from the Russian frontier by railway; the "lightning speed" of the trains, which travel "at the rate of two-and-twenty miles an hour;" and the champagne banquets which awaited them at each station, are described in these letters with the gaping wonder of a country lout who pays his first holiday visit to town. "We came to Russia," writes a Croatian judge, M. Soubotits, "and we found her so great that the word empire does not suffice to describe her,—she should rather be called a world! We found St. Petersburg and Moscow towns without a rival; we found Cronstadt a fortress without a rival; we found the Russian greater than any other nation in the universe, and we found among them an affection such as we see nowhere else." The Servian delegate, M. Militchevits, wrote to his friends at Belgrade that the magnificence of St. Petersburg was "like a dream;" and, indeed, the reception the Slavonians met with might have intoxicated cooler and more experienced brains than theirs. "People ran up the staircase," says the "Invalide Russe," "up to the fifth story of the hotel, peered into every room, had a long look at each of the Slavonians, descended into the street with countenances that seemed to say, 'I have seen them!' and went away after having accomplished this duty of adoration."

Although the Russian Government was careful to declare that the congress had no political object, it was of course impossible for a number of Slavonians, one-half of whom were declared Pan Slavist agitators, and the other half filled with so unbounded an admiration and attachment for Russia that they were already Pan Slavists at heart, to meet in the ancient capital of the Czars without talking over their political hopes and plans. Already at Warsaw, M. Shaffarik, the nephew of the celebrated Czech antiquarian, proposed at an official banquet, amid immense applause, a toast to "the glory and greatness of the Russian nation, created by God himself the defender and protector of the Slavonic nationality." At St. Petersburg another banquet was given, at which the Minister of Public Instruction presided, and the most popular Russian poets of the day recited verses composed for the occasion. Here, too, the passages which were most

applauded were those which alluded to the establishment of a political connection between Russia and the Slavonic nations. M. Tiouttscheff, in a poem full of fierce denunciation of the enemies of Russia, declared that "the West is disturbed, it is trembling with fear at the sight of the whole Slavonic family for the first time exclaiming, in the presence of its friends and enemies; 'Behold us! Our lord is here,—his justice is strong, his power is just; the name of the Czar-liberator will soon cross the Russian frontier.'" This idea was carried still further by the other poets who were present. M. Maikoff exclaimed that "the work of the ages is now accomplished; a new era is about to arise; the angels are already forging the cross of the basilica of St. Sophia;" and M. Kroll prophesied that "the day will come when, in front of Constantinople, the enemy will recollect the glorious shield of Oleg, and the bells sounding from the heights of St. Sophia will celebrate the union of all the Slavonians." These sentiments were enthusiastically cheered by the Slavonic deputation. One of its principal members, Dr. Polith, having made a long speech in which he maintained that Russia was not only a Russian power, but also a "Panslavonic" power, that her mission is "the liberation of the east of Europe," and that the Eastern Slavonians expect her to fulfil this mission, "in which both her honour and her power are engaged," the Russians were so delighted that they tossed the unfortunate orator several times in the air,—that being, in accordance with an ancient custom, the highest honour which a Russian can render to his guest.*

At Moscow the same wishes and hopes were repeated with even more precision, and an important suggestion was made, and accepted almost unanimously, with regard to one of the principal obstacles to the Panslavist idea,—the want of a universal Slavonic language. This want was felt at the very first meeting of the congress, when the delegates, after several fruitless efforts, found it impossible to make themselves intelligible to the Russians unless they spoke German. It was therefore proposed that the Slavonic language of the future should be the Russian, as that of the most numerous and powerful of the Slavonic nations. This suggestion was made by the emperor himself in the audience he gave at St. Petersburg to his "born brothers," as he called the members of the deputation, and was afterwards taken up and fully approved at the dinner given to the Slavonians by the University of Moscow. It is now being practically carried out in Bohemia and the Slavonic countries of the south-east; the Russian language is being taught at the universities and principal schools, and Russian masters, grammars, and prayer-books, are in great request.

Such were the principal incidents of the Moscow Congress,—an event which will undoubtedly leave its mark on the history of our time. It was the first Panslavist demonstration that had ever been

* This curious ceremony is called the "katchat."

permitted in Russia, and it is one of the most obvious and important of the many recent signs which indicate that Russia is preparing for another move in the direction of Constantinople. But it must not be supposed that the enthusiasm and unanimity which prevailed at the congress really represented the feeling of the nations which took part in it. We have already seen that the Ruthenians and Czechs joined the congress not out of love for Russia, but out of spite to Austria; and all the delegates, with the exception of those from Bohemia, were men of little ability or influence in their own country. The truth is, that in the Slavonic nations the feeling of patriotism is much stronger than the feeling of race. Each of them has some pet national theory which is utterly irreconcilable with the idea of its absorption in a great Slavonic empire. Thus the political ideal pursued by the Czechs is "the crown of St. Venceslaus;" by the Croats, the "triune kingdom,"—Croatia, Slavonia, and Dalmatia; and by the Servians, the empire of their national hero, Stephen Doushan. Still there is a very active, if small, philo-Russian party in each of these countries, which is amply sufficient, as is shown by the example of Poland, for the purposes of the aggressive policy of the Czars; and their patriots would do well to take to heart the wise advice given, unhappily too late, to that unfortunate nation by a Hungarian politician: "*Propter lenta consilia, privata commoda, occulta odia, perit Hungaria. Cave, tibi, Polonia!*"

But although much may be done by Slavonic patriots to disarm the Panslavist propaganda by avoiding internal dissensions and steadfastly opposing all foreign influence, it is only a strong and united Power in the east of Europe that can effectually act as a bar to those Russian designs of which Panslavism is but the mask. Not that Russia could now march an army into Turkey, as she did in 1853. Such a step would be sheer madness at a time when her country is desolated by famine and she is totally unprepared for a great war. Her Government is pursuing a slower and much safer policy, in gradually precipitating the destruction of the Turkish empire by the hands of its Christian subjects,—an event which must happen, sooner or later, in the natural course of things. There can be no doubt that the constant incursions of armed men into Bulgaria to form "insurrections" which obtain no support in the country itself, the menacing attitude towards the Porte lately maintained by Servia, the pressing demands of Montenegro, and the proposed declaration of the independence of Roumania, are directly traceable to Russian influence. It is satisfactory to observe that these machinations have for the present been stopped by the united remonstrances of England, France, and Austria,—and, which is much more important, by the disapproval of Prussia. But no amount of diplomatic action can prevent the Christians of Turkey from wishing for independence, or Russia from encouraging and promising to protect them; and in a few years, when the Russian railways are

completed and the Russian army is provided with breech-loaders, if another disagreement between France and Prussia should make the latter Power more tractable in the Eastern question, Russia may not be so unwilling to cut that question with her sword as she is at present. There is but one State which, in such a case, could prevent a European war, and that is Austria,—not, however, the Austria of to-day, with her thoughts still resting regretfully on her German past, with a German minority ruling a Slavonic majority,—but a federal Austria, having a strong central Government, yet at the same time giving full development to the national tendencies of the various countries of which it is composed. We have a modern example of such a State in Switzerland; and history shows that the federal system of government is peculiarly adapted to the Slavonic race. In Poland, at a time when she was one of the most powerful States in Europe, Poles, Prussians, Lithuanians, and Ruthenians all lived together under a system of this kind, each nationality having its own diet for the administration of its local affairs, and the free use of its own language and customs, while the affairs of the State were transacted in a central diet at Warsaw. Nor did this system prevent a vigorous foreign policy, for it prevailed during the most glorious period of Polish history, and was in full action when the Polish king, Sobieski, saved Austria from the Turks. And now it is hardly too much to say that the safety of Austria again depends on her seeking the support of federalism. The only part of her dominions, on this side of the Leitha, in which the people are contented with her rule, is her German provinces,—those provinces which must, sooner or later, be absorbed in the rising tide of German unity. In Hungary, steps are at length being taken to remove Slavonian discontent; but in the other territories inhabited by Slavonians the people still cry out loudly against the preference given to German institutions, German officials, and even the German language, and complain with justice of the Germans of the empire having been allowed a relatively larger number of deputies in the Reichsrath than any of the other nationalities. It is only by removing these grievances, and frankly accepting her position as a pre-eminently Slavonic Power, that Austria can obtain the attachment of the populations on which, after all, her very existence must eventually depend. By so doing she would not only consolidate her power at home, but secure herself against foreign aggression. The Slavonians of Turkey would naturally be attracted to the great and friendly Slavonic State thus formed on their frontier, despotic Russia would have no chance against so formidable a competitor for their favour as liberal and federal Austria, and the false and pernicious dream of Panslavism would then vanish at once and for ever from the field of European politics.

ABOUT HORSE-RACING.

II.

Few men of reflection or observation can fail to perceive that the seventh decade of the nineteenth century is likely to exercise no less potential an influence upon the destinies of English horse-racing than the Gulf Stream produces upon the climate of the British Islands. The ten years intervening between 1860 and 1870 have already been illustrated by their production of many two-year-olds and three-year-olds, which, in all that constitutes a racehorse, have never been surpassed in the long and splendid annals of the British Turf. It has been given to few lovers of horseflesh, though their connection with the Turf may have extended over four, five, or even six decades of years, to gaze upon two such magnificent sires as *Gladiator* and *Blair Athol*, both of them winners of the Derby, both of them winners of the St. Leger. To institute a comparison between two such horses, with a view to arriving at a verdict pronouncing one to be superior to the other, was obviously an absurdity; but the emulation awakened between Count Lagrange and Mr. Jackson procured for all persons assembled at Doncaster last September the opportunity of scanning two such animals as had not appeared in juxtaposition upon the same ground since the memorable Tuesday* when *Touchstone* defeated the poisoned Plenipotentiary in the St. Leger of 1834. In spite, however, of the performances, breeding, size, power, and comeliness of these two monarchs of the Turf, there would be little difficulty in finding racing men to maintain that each of them has been equalled, if not surpassed, by other racehorses which the last decade has produced. *St. Albans* and *Tim Whiffler*, *Lord Lyon* and *Achievement*, *Friponnier* and *Lady Elizabeth*, would not be left without eager assertors of their claims to be considered at least the equals of *Gladiator* and *Blair Athol*. Be this as it may, it cannot be pretended at the first blush that the decadence of the Turf, of which we hear so much, is very far advanced, when the last eight years have, in addition to many other excellent horses, been signalised by the production of eight such animals as *St. Albans*,

* The Doncaster St. Leger, established in 1778, was always run on a Tuesday until 1807, in which year the day was altered to Monday, and so it remained until 1826, when it was again altered to Tuesday. Another alteration was made in 1845, when the day was changed to Wednesday, and it has continued to be run on that day ever since.

Tim Whiffler, Blair Athol, Gladiateur, Lord Lyon, Achievement, Friponnier, and Lady Elizabeth.

Be it, however, remarked that the fame of these flyers,—at least of such of them as have already completed their racing careers,—is based upon their two-year-old and three-year-old performances. Let us go through the list seriatim. St. Albans never appeared in public after the year 1860, which conferred upon him immortality at three years old as the winner of the Chester Cup and St. Leger. Tim Whiffler having, as a three-year-old, won the Chester, Goodwood, and Doncaster Cups in 1862, not to mention many other lesser races, was unable, when as a four-year-old he opposed Buckstone for the Ascot Cup in 1863, to make a better fight of it than is implied by running a dead heat. In the deciding heat he was beaten easily by his three-year-old opponent. Blair Athol ran only in his third year. Gladiateur ran but twice at four years old. Lord Lyon's renown was gained by his victories as a three-year-old, was not improved by his performances as a four-year-old, and we hazard little in predicting that it will not be augmented by his prowess as a five-year-old or subsequently. Of Achievement, Friponnier, and Lady Elizabeth it is as yet too early to speak. But it is an undeniable fact that the seventh decade of this century has hitherto produced no such cup horses as have been famous in story during the six decades which preceded it. In the sixth decade, for instance, Fisherman, Rataplan, and Teddington achieved victories which cannot be matched during the last eight years. Fisherman started 119 times, and won 69 times. Rataplan appeared as a starter 71 times, and as a winner 42 times; and Teddington secured for himself the reputation of being the best two-year-old, the best three-year-old, the best four-year-old, and the best five-year-old in England from the years 1850 to 1853 inclusive. In the fifth decade of the century, the names of mature horses whose achievements eclipse those of Fisherman, Rataplan, or Teddington, are abundantly found. It is but necessary to mention Charles XII., Beeswing, Alice Hawthorn, the Hero, Chanticleer, Van Tromp, the Flying Dutchman, Canezon, Hyllus, inter alios, to prove that the fifth decade has little reason to dread comparison with the sixth or seventh. The fourth decade,—that is to say, the years from 1830 to 1840,—is fertile in great names. Among them we find Fleur-de-lis, Priam, Glencoe, Rockingham, Lanercost, Hornsea, Harkaway, Touchstone, Tomboy, Don John, Plenipotentiary, and many more. Going backwards from 1830 to 1800, the Turf antiquarian will have no difficulty in proving that stoutness in horses and the growth of the century are in the inverse ratio to each other. Whereas the number of speedy and short-running horses and mares has been constantly growing from 1830 downwards, the number of stayers and stout-runners rapidly increases as we recede from 1830 upwards. In fact,—to sum up the whole truth in a few words,—in proportion

as two-year-old races and T.Y.C. handicaps have increased, the animals that can raise a gallop over the Beacon Course at four, five, and six years old have sensibly diminished, until the breed threatens to become extinct altogether. As for aged racehorses that can win cups at seven, eight, or nine years old,* they seem to have passed away from these islands, and to belong to a species as irrecoverable as the great bustard or the hollow-sounding bittern,—as incompatible with our climate as the tropical birds and fishes, of which the fossil remains found in Great Britain are still the great perplexity of the Royal Society.

But, painful as it may be to a true lover of the Turf to note the signs of the times, it is impossible to deny that, be the decline in the stamina and endurance of the modern thoroughbred what it may, the deterioration in the owners of the racehorse is still more marked and deplorable. During the whole of the eighteenth, and during the first four decades of the nineteenth century, nothing was more common than for prime ministers, ministers of state, and royal dukes to be the owners of racehorses. But since the death of Lord Palmerston, and the secession of Lord Derby and General Peel from active participation in Turf pursuits, we seem to have fallen upon times which forbid any politician who writes Right Honourable before his name to own a Derby favourite. The impure atmosphere which has long pervaded the Turf, and which led the Queen, influenced by her husband, to withdraw her countenance and interest from her people's favourite national pastime, warns all aspiring men in public life that the ownership of racehorses is now-a-days a *diminutio capitis*. The late Lords Eglinton and Herbert, the late Duke of Richmond and Lord George Bentinck, forswore the Turf, and suspended active connection with it, when they took to politics. Mr. Disraeli, describing Lord George Bentinck, in the Library of the House of Commons, receiving the intelligence that Surplice had won the Derby, records that the success of a colt which he had himself bred, and which was the son of his favourite and invincible Crucifix, wrung from the proud and unyielding patrician "a superb groan." Alone among our great statesmen, Lord Palmerston, who, whatever else he may have been, was all over an Englishman, maintained the same connection with the Turf in his eightieth which he had commenced before his fortieth year. But the withdrawal of Lord Derby's black jacket and of General Peel's purple and orange from many a racecourse upon which, twelve or fifteen years ago, few colours more frequently caught the judge's eye, is interpreted by the unthinking public as an admission on the part of these two

* Beeswing won the Doncaster Cup four times: as a four-year-old in 1837, as a seven-year-old in 1840, as an eight-year-old in 1841, and as a nine-year-old in 1842. Between 1837 and 1842 she also won the Newcastle Cup six times.

veteran statesmen that to be the proprietor of an Orlando or a Canezou is incompatible with the dignity expected from a grave councillor of state. Even the secession of the Duke of Beaufort, who, although never a cabinet minister, kept up, as being simultaneously Master of the Horse and owner of Vauban and Gomera, some connection between the Turf and official life, is regarded, in these days of depression among racing men, as a serious blow and sore discouragement. In fact, for the first time during the nineteenth century, we seem to be on the brink of an epoch when the death or retirement of some half-dozen owners will leave Epsom, Newmarket, and Goodwood to be frequented solely by nameless professional racing men. The last few years have deprived us of the Duke of Bedford, the Marquis of Exeter, the Earl of Eglinton, the Earl of Chesterfield, Mr. Greville, Sir Charles Monck, Viscount Clifden, Lord Palmerston, Mr. Gully, and many more. When to this list shall be added the names of the Earl of Glasgow, the Earl of Zetland, Admiral Rous, Sir Joseph Hawley, and the Duke of Newcastle, who will there be left to maintain the lustre of the British Turf, and to be the owner of the Flying Dutchmen, Voltigeurs, and Rosierucians of the future?

Without indulgence in unseemly or extravagant croaking, these and other similar thoughts may well fill the genuine lover of this noble pastime with foreboding and dismay. There is little enough to be said or written which will avail to arrest the decay, both in men and horses, to which no sensible man can pretend to be blind. Like all other doctors, we have our own nostrum for abating the decline in the racehorse's stamina and endurance,—a nostrum which we shall presently do our best to enforce. As for alluring young noblemen and gentlemen of character, wealth, and position back to a pursuit which, if deprived of their continued countenance, will inevitably languish until it takes rank by the side of steeple-chasing,—this is too grave a task to be undertaken in such a fugitive essay as this. But before advancing remedies and discussing nostrums, let us first consider whether the Turf is really worthy of the pre-eminence which it has so long enjoyed above all other pastimes, and which seems justly to entitle it to be called the national sport of England.

There is no difficulty in proving that horse-racing is the oldest of our popular pastimes. The only other British sports which can claim to be regarded as in some degree its co-equal seem to us to be fox-hunting, shooting, and cricket. The history of none of these three can be traced so far back as that of horse-racing. The fox only began to be the quarry pursued by country squires and by their square solid hounds and heavy Flemish horses towards the commencement of the last century. Queen Elizabeth, a great patroness of the chase, confined herself to hawking, and hunting the stag. No reader of the "*Fortunes of Nigel*" can have forgotten the incomparable passage in which King James I. is described urging forward his favourite

hounds, Bash and Battie, in pursuit of "a hart of aught tines, the first of the season," and finding himself alone, and suddenly confronted with young Lord Glenvarloch, whom his fears converted into a threatening assassin. In the middle of the seventeenth century the fox was regarded as vermin. Oliver St. John, when speaking to the Long Parliament, compared Strafford to a fox, which, unlike the stag or hare, deserved no law or pity. "This illustration," observes Lord Macaulay, "would be by no means a happy one if addressed to country gentlemen of our time; but in St. John's days there were not seldom great massacres of foxes, to which the peasantry thronged with all the dogs that could be mustered; traps were set, nets were spread, no quarter was given, and to shoot a female with cub was considered as a feat which merited the gratitude of the neighbourhood." Fox-hunting came into fashion with the first years of the eighteenth century, and increased rapidly in favour until the Squire Westerns and country gentlemen of George II.'s reign came to regard it as their natural diversion. If any man desires to note the advance which the science of fox-hunting,—for such it has now become,—has made within a century, let him compare the accounts of a run, as described in Sir Walter Scott's "Rob Roy," or in Fielding's "Tom Jones," with those which now appear in Mr. Whyte Melville's "Market Harborough," or in his "Brookes of Brydlemere."

Very learned treatises have been written by antiquarians on the origin of fire-arms. The hand-gun, which seems somewhat to have resembled a modern walking-stick, was improved, in the reign of Henry VI., by the adoption of a priming-pan. Next in order followed the stocked gun, which was succeeded in time by the match-lock and wheel-lock. The first was fired with a lighted match brought into contact with the priming by a spring-trigger. The wheel-lock was fired by a wheel which passed rapidly over the edge of a bit of flint, and was considered in the reign of Queen Elizabeth to be an invention of no slight value. It proved to be worthless as a sporting weapon. The first fowling-piece which seems at all to have been worthy of the name, was the flint-lock, introduced about the year 1692, in the reign of William III. In one of Addison's most delightful papers in the "Spectator," Will Wimble is spoken of as a marvel, because he could shoot a bird on the wing. For about a century and a quarter the flint-lock fowling-gun and musket held their own against all rivals. All the great battles of the last century, as well as all those which gained immortality for the Duke of Wellington and Napoleon I., were fought with the flint-lock musket. Shooting game, as a science, had no existence before the introduction of the flint-lock, and cannot be said to have been perfected until the third decade of the present century, when the percussion-gun came into general use. It cannot, therefore, be pretended that the antiquity of shooting is very great. Chroniclers of cricket and its doings have not been

wanting who have endeavoured to establish its identity with club-ball, a game played in the fourteenth century. But they would have difficulty, we imagine, in satisfying readers like the late Sir George Cornwall Lewis that cricket, as now played, can be shown to have existed before the middle of the last century.

The antiquity of horse-racing, in substantially the same shape which it now wears, is far greater than even racing men of reading and education have been in the habit of supposing. Without following the authors of some treatises upon the Turf into their elaborate disquisitions as to the evidences that the Romans, after their subjugation of Britain, brought over their own breed of running horses to these islands, we are justified in believing that horse-racing was in vogue among the Saxons, from the fact that Hugh the Great, father of Hugh Capet of France, sent a present to King Athelstan of several German racehorses. There is also further evidence that horses famous for their speed were transmitted to this monarch from many parts of the Continent; and we read that in the year 980 a law was promulgated by him, enacting that no horses should be exported from Great Britain except as royal presents. But the earliest authentic evidence of horse-races having been celebrated in this country is furnished by the old chronicler, Fitz-Stephen, who wrote in the reign of Henry II.,—1154 to 1189,—and who describes what would in these days be designated as the Smithfield meeting of 1168. As we read the translation of the old annalist's words describing a trial of speed between horses which took place seven centuries ago, it is with difficulty that we can persuade ourselves that we have not Bell's Life or the Sporting Magazine before us, and that we are not perusing the performances of animals got by Stockwell or Trumpeter. "The horses," he tells us, "are not without emulation; they tremble and are impatient, and are continually in motion. At last, the signal once given, they start, devour the course, and hurry along with unremitting swiftness. The jockeys, inspired with the thought of applause and the hope of victory, clap spurs to their willing horses, brandish their whips, and cheer them with their cries." Similarly we learn, upon the authority of Thomson's "*Illustrated History of Great Britain*," that the sports of the common people at this time were bull-baiting, cock-fighting, and horse-racing, "which were particularly practised in London in the twelfth century." With more or less distinctness the thread of Turf history is traced down to the reign of Henry VIII., who is reported to have been a great admirer of horses, and to have imported sires from Turkey, Naples, Spain, and Flanders, with a view to increasing the speed of our English breed. Many laws were enacted in this reign for improving the size and strength of the horse. In emulation of her father, Queen Elizabeth was much given to equestrian display, and her reign introduces us to the first English veterinary treatise upon the management of horses which the shelves

of the British Museum can boast.* But it was not until James VI. of Scotland and I. of England succeeded Elizabeth upon the throne that the Turf was recognised as a national institution. In his reign laws were for the first time passed with a view to the regulation of horse-races; and such was the partiality for the sport displayed by King James's Scotch subjects,—the “forbears” of the late Earl of Eglinton, the present Earl of Glasgow, and Mr. Merry,—that a statute was enacted, at the King's instance, ordaining that if any Scotchman won more than one hundred marks within twenty-four hours, the excess should be declared the property of the poor.

We have thus traced in outline the narrative of Turf history from the days of King Athelstan, the Saxon, who might presumably be called the author or father of English racing, down to the times of King James I., who, by his legislation, first placed horse-racing upon a permanent basis. This latter sovereign is commonly but erroneously spoken of in popular histories of the Turf as the first English monarch who openly patronised and encouraged a sport which, from his day downwards, has continually grown in public favour. The support accorded to horse-racing by James I. was continued by his grandson, Charles II., who repaired and enlarged his grandfather's residence, commonly called the Palace at Newmarket, and added to the stud-book many mares imported from the Levant, which figure in old pedigrees as “royal mares” down to the present day. Little as it might be expected during an age steeped in vice and profligacy, a grave attempt was made in this reign to impose legislative restraint upon “deceitful, disorderly, and excessive gaming.” Once already during the present century has this Act of Charles II. been invoked in the celebrated *Qui Tam* actions of 1848-44, which afforded Lord George Bentinck so rare an opportunity for displaying his tenacity of purpose and ingenuity in unravelling a tangled skein of mystery and intrigue. Nor, when the language of this Act of 1664 is studied by Turf reformers in 1868, will there be many sober persons found to deny that the salutary warnings of the seventeenth might well be repeated and proclaimed aloud in the nineteenth century. Its preamble sets forth that all games and exercises should only be used as innocent and moderate recreations;—that, if used in any other fashion, they promote idleness and encourage dissolute living, “to the circumventing, deceiving, cousening, and debauching of many of the younger sort, to the loss of their precious time, and to the utter ruin of their estates and fortunes, and withdrawing them from noble and laudable employment and exercises.” It concludes, after other provisions, with the following notable words:—“And for the better avoiding and preventing of all excessive and immoderate playing and

* “How to Chuse, Ride, Trayne, &c., Horses, by Jervaise Markham; with a Chapter added on the Secrets of Training and Dieting the Horse for a Course, which we commonly call Running Horses.” Published in 1599.

gaming for the time to come, be it further enacted that if any person shall, after the date aforesaid, play at any of the said games or pastimes whatsoever, other than with or for ready money, or shall bet on the side or hands of such as do play thereat, and shall lose any sum or sums, or thing or things, so played for, exceeding the sum of one hundred pounds, at any one time or meeting, upon tick or credit or otherwise, and shall not pay down the same at the time when he or they shall lose the same, the party or parties who lose the said monies or things above the sum of one hundred pounds shall not in that case be bound to pay the same, but the contracts, judgments, statutes, recognizances, mortgages, bonds, bills, promises, covenants, and other acts, deeds, and securities whatsoever, given for satisfaction of the same, shall be utterly void and of none effect; and that the person or persons so winning the said monies shall forfeit and lose treble the value of all such sums of money so won, the one moiety of said forfeit to go to our said sovereign, and the other moiety to such persons as shall prosecute or sue for the same within one year next after the time of such offence being committed."

One other conspicuous "Act to restrain and prevent the excessive increase of Horse Races" was passed in the thirteenth year of George II., and seems not unworthy of notice here. Its preamble states that "horse-racing for small prizes or sums of money hath contributed very much to the encouragement of idleness, to the impoverishment of many of the meaner sort of the subjects of this kingdom; and the breed of strong and useful horses hath been much prejudiced thereby." The Act provides that from and after the 24th of June, 1740, no person should enter or start any horse for any prize of money, except such horse was bona fide his own property, and that no person should enter or run more than one horse for a race. Also, that no prize or sum of money shall be run for of less value than £50, except at Newmarket, and Black Hambleton in Yorkshire. It was also enacted that no horses should run for any prize unless they carried the following weights:—Five-year-olds, 10 stone; six-year-olds, 11 stone; and seven-year-olds, 12 stone. Now, it will doubtless be remembered by some who may chance to read these words, that upon the 16th of February, 1860, Lord Redesdale introduced to the House of Lords a measure entitled the "Light Weight Racing Bill." He proposed that after January 1, 1861, no horse should run for any racing prize carrying less than 7 stone weight, under a penalty of forfeiture of the horse so running, and of £200. The measure came on to be read a second time on June the 12th, and Lord Redesdale found himself confronted by a petition from the Jockey Club, presented and supported by the Earl of Derby. The petitioners submitted that "all regulations respecting horse-racing are better intrusted to the authority which has hitherto made rules for the encouragement of this great national amusement, and

that the proposed Bill, should it become law, would have a prejudicial effect."

It is far from our desire to maintain that either of the Houses of Parliament is better qualified to frame laws for the regulation of horse-racing than that mysterious and inscrutable Vehmgericht, the Jockey Club. Ever since the birth of this corporate racing senate during the reign of George II., the whole responsibility of the legislation with respect to horse-racing, and to the government of the sporting community, has devolved upon this elected and conventional body. For a century and a quarter the enactments of our Turf legislators have been cheerfully obeyed by their promiscuous subjects. But it has been well observed by a recent thoughtful writer, that "it may be taken for granted that if ever a future historian shall write the decline and fall of the English Turf, one of the reasons assigned for its decay will be, that it was behind the rest of the age in liberal progress, and was badly governed by its chief representatives." Nothing is more unreservedly admitted by every member of the Jockey Club who is capable of one moment's serious thought than that active and coercive enactments are now needed to rehabilitate the Turf, and to revive the declining powers of endurance in the English race-horse. Lord Derby, with his wonted fluency of expression and felicity of language, gave utterance in 1860 to the sentiments which animated his Jockey Club colleagues. But although the deterioration, both in racing men and horses, is far more marked and incontrovertible a fact in 1868 than it was in 1860, no attempt has yet been made by the Jockey Club to devise any of those remedies which they cannot but feel to be necessary, and of which, as we have shown, they declined acceptance eight years ago at the hands of Lord Redesdale, or of any other extra-Jockey Club authority.

We have quoted, at greater length than the space at our command justifies, two Acts of Parliament, passed with a view to improving the breed of horses and the morals of racing men at a period anterior to the existence of the Jockey Club. No member of that Club, however arrogant and exclusive, will pretend to deny that in both these legislative Acts the sound sense and judgment of their framers are abundantly apparent. It is the fashion of Jockey Club authorities to allege that they take no cognizance of betting transactions, and that any attempt to purify the atmosphere of the Turf, so far as regards the enforcement of punctuality in settling, and other cognate subjects, would for them be an act *ultra vires*, and beyond their jurisdiction. If this be so, we cannot but remark that in Charles II.'s and George II.'s reigns the House of Commons showed itself superior to the mock delicacy which now sways the Jockey Club, and capable of passing laws which, if enforced to-day, would be of no slight advantage to the Turf and its best interests. But even if the Jockey Club shall continue to ignore betting, and refuse to take cognizance

of its many disputes, sophistries, and abuses, or if they prefer to delegate such considerations to a committee selected from their own ranks,—as is said to be now the desire of Admiral Rous,—we submit that the abated endurance of the thoroughbred and the entire disappearance of aged horses from the racecourses of Great Britain are facts that they cannot ignore. In our concluding remarks we propose to return to this subject. In the meantime, having traced the thread of Turf history from Athelstan the Saxon down to the establishment of the Jockey Club in George II.'s reign, we have a few words to say as to the traditions of some few of our historical race meetings, and as to the courses which have in some instances been trodden for more than three hundred years by an almost unbroken succession of high-mettled racers.

Foremost in point of antiquity among the races of Great Britain stands the Tradesman's Cup at Chester. It is a well-established fact that a horse-race for the prize of a silver bell was instituted at Chester in 1511, and was decided upon that same "Rood-eye," or Island of the Cross, which was once the Campus Martius of the Chester youth, who here displayed their activity and strength in mock fights and other military spectacles, and which is the present racecourse. The amusements soon assumed another form, and the mimic war was succeeded by horse-racing, which has continued to be the occasional diversion of the citizens to the present period.* In 1609 the bell was converted into three silver cups, and in 1623 the three cups were combined in "One faire Silver Cupp, of about the value of eight pounds." We are not in a position to assert that every year between 1511 and 1868 has witnessed a race over the Roodie for the said Tradesman's Cup; but that the Chester Cup of to-day is identical with the race established in Henry VIII.'s time admits of no dispute. It may not unreasonably be doubted whether many of the owners of Chester Cup winners within the last twenty-five years were aware that St. Lawrence, or Nancy, or Malton, or Mounseer had been successful in a race four times as old as the Epsom Derby or the Doncaster St. Leger. But the declining interest in the Chester Cup which the last twelve years have witnessed may be rekindled, if the antiquity of the race shall awaken some pride in sporting men, and shall arouse Mr. Topham, the well-known clerk of the course at Chester, to renewed exertions.

It must be confessed that with the exception of the Tradesman's Cup and the Dee Stakes, the Chester race-meetings of to-day possess few attractions. The proximity of the Dee Stakes to the Derby, which it usually precedes by less than a month, lends an artificial interest to the race, but upon more than one occasion the horse that subsequently won the Derby has suffered defeat round the punch-bowl course of Chester. For two-year-old races, Chester, as becomes its hoary

* From "*Topographical Beauties of England and Wales*," vol. ii. p. 233.

antiquity, has never been famous. And we much fear that, in spite of the historical interest of the scene, with its circular little race-course overlooked on the one side by the grave old walls of the Roman town, and on the other by the staring railway viaduct, the representative of modern civilisation, Chester races are doomed to experience a progressive decline, and to pale their ineffectual fires before the attractions of other meetings blessed with finer natural courses.

Next in antiquity to Chester comes the capital of that sporting county, in regard to which it is said that "every Yorkshireman takes as naturally to the pigskin as the Kentish lad to the cricket-ball, or the duckling to water." In his "Post and Paddock," the Druid tells us of a Devonshire man who used not long ago to make a St. Leger pilgrimage every year, travelling both ways on foot, and "who accounted for this strange whim on the grounds that 'his grandmother was Yorkshire-born.'" Horse-racing, as it appears from Camden's "Britannia," published in 1590, was practised about that date in the forest of Galtres, to the east of the city of York. In the great frost of 1607 a horse-race was run upon the frozen river Ouse. In more recent times the races were held upon Clifton and Rawcliffe Ings; but the river having been much swollen, and the course overflowed in 1730, it was agreed thenceforth that the races should be run upon the new course laid out upon Knavesmire by Alderman Telford; nor is it necessary to announce to racing men that here they have been celebrated ever since. As a mark of the interest which ministers of the Crown once took in horse-racing, it may not be uninteresting to repeat that when the great patronage accorded to races on Knavesmire necessitated the erection of a grand-stand, the Marquis of Rockingham, better known in political history as "Burke's Prime Minister," headed the subscription list. It is singular that, great as is the antiquity of the York meeting, no record can be found of races having been run over Doncaster Town Moor at an earlier date than 1703. York and Doncaster, and especially the latter, have, as it seems to us, been more famous for their long than for their short races, and for the extraordinary interest in the noble animals displayed by every Yorkshire artisan and peasant, whom the prowess of a Beeswing, a Surplice, a Flying Dutchman, or a West Australian has attracted to the side of the white rails which have witnessed so many momentous finishes.

In the value of the prizes contended for, and the assemblage of great masses of spectators, Newmarket compares ill with most of our other principal racecourses. At the same time, no true lover of this magnificent sport would for a moment hesitate to declare that Newmarket is the head-quarters of the racing community. With its traditions reaching back to the reign of James I., but not earlier,—consecrated by the memories of a thousand historical matches, such as those between Hambletonian and Diamond, Filho da puta and Sir

Joshua, Bechunter and Clincher, Teddington and Mountain Deer, Cineas and Barbatus, Julius and Lady Elizabeth, Friponnier and Xi, and many more,—identified with the achievements in the saddle against time of such once famous, but now almost forgotten, equestrians as Miss Pond, Mr. Jennison Shafto, Mr. Woodcock, and Mr. Osbaldestone,—Newmarket, with its multitudinous racing associations, is the shrine at which every true lover of the Turf pays his vows with no less devotion than the Mahomedan displays as he turns his waking eyes in the direction of the minarets of Mecca. It would be presumptuous to assign to Newmarket Heath greater praise in respect of its modern two-year-old struggles, or of its ancient four-mile heats over the Beacon. Each of these two styles or phases of racing has its own peculiar merits, and if we are constrained to pronounce that the excess of two-year-old racing now-a-days has rung the knell of the stout and lusty runner of the last century, it must be confessed that, as year succeeds year, fresh two-year-olds are continually coming out which seem to eclipse the fleetness of their historical predecessors. Old frequenters of the Heath are not wanting who will tell you that there is not in our days the same electric thrill of interest about a really great horse when he makes his first appearance in public, as that which exercised its magnetic influence over the spectators a generation ago. Let us turn for a moment to the record of two of the most magnificent specimens of the British racehorse that ever looked through a bridle,—Plenipotentiary, winner of the Derby in 1884; and Bay Middleton, winner of the same race in 1836. Each of them made his first appearance in the Craven Meeting at Newmarket, and each of them at the age of three years. It was the fate of Plenipo in his first race to have for his only antagonist Lord Jersey's Glencoe, supposed, before he met his conqueror, to be one of the speediest milers ever stripped on Newmarket Heath. When Lord Jersey reconnoitred Plenipo before the race, he pronounced him to be a great bullock, more fit for Smithfield Market than for competition with Glencoe. Under this impression, his orders to Jem Robinson were to go off at score, and cut his opponent down by pace. What happened in the race had best be narrated in Jem Robinson's words:—"I came the first half-mile, according to orders, as hard as I could lick, but when I looked round there was the great bullock cantering close by my side." Bay Middleton, in his first race for the Riddlesworth Stakes, in the Newmarket Craven of 1836, was opposed by five antagonists, to whom he had no difficulty in showing his heels. His next appearance was for the 2,000 Guineas, which he won, and in the Derby at Epsom he cantered in first, followed by three horses, Gladiator, Venison, and Slane, who, though outstripped by him in fleetness, have proved themselves, as the sires of Sweetmeat, Alarm, and Sting, no unworthy rivals at the stud to the progenitor of the Flying Dutchman.

Our diminishing space warns us to linger no longer among the memories of Newmarket, or to narrate how the July and Chesterfield Stakes,—which have introduced to the public so many flyers destined, like Crucifix, the Flying Dutchman, and Teddington, subsequently to achieve immortality,—were the first two-year-old races in England established by the authority of the Jockey Club. It remains for us to notice that long before the great celebrity now attaching to Epsom Races was conferred upon them by the institution of “the Derby,” this healthy little village in Surrey had achieved fame by reason of its fine bracing air and excellent medicinal waters. Epsom Races, like those at Newmarket, owe their origin to James I., who was not unfrequently a visitor to the place, occupying upon these occasions the palace, as it is called, of Nonsuch. It is not unworthy of record that the language used by Lord Palmerston, when moving the usual Derby adjournment of the House of Commons in 1860, would not have been as acceptable to the contemporaries of Pepys as to our modern representatives of the people. In his “Diary” of July 25, 1663, Pepys remarks that, “having intended to go this day to Banstead Downs to see a famous race, I sent Will to get himself ready to go with me; but I hear it is put off, because the Lords do sit in Parliament to-day.” Contrasting Pepys’ entry with Lord Palmerston’s words, “To adjourn over the Derby Day is part of the unwritten law of Parliament, and I am sure that Her Majesty’s Government do not wish to ask the House to depart from so wholesome a custom,”—it would appear that in rigid attention to their parliamentary duties the Lords of 1663 compare favourably with the Commons of 1860. But it must be confessed that the legislative bodies of two centuries ago were exposed to no such temptation as the Derby race offers in the seventh decade of the nineteenth century. It will be sufficient to substantiate the interest of each recurrence of London’s great festival by saying that in every part of the world the Derby Day at Epsom is spoken of by Englishmen as the one great and characteristic sight which every foreigner who visits England should not fail to see. Other meetings there are, such as those at Ascot and Goodwood, which may surpass Epsom and Newmarket in fashionable estimation. But it would be as impossible to estrange from Newmarket the affections of genuine lovers of horse-racing as it is to persuade the London citizen out for a holiday that any other racecourse in England can possess such attractions for him as his own beloved downs at Epsom upon a fine Derby Day.

Such then, and thus far descended, is that noble national sport which, however liable to abuse, has grown with England’s growth during its acknowledged term of existence, extending back over more than nine hundred years. To urge that, because vices and impurities have attached to it, the whole institution of horse-racing ought to be swept away, is equivalent to arguing that a ship ought to be scuttled

in mid-ocean because barnacles have clung to her bottom. We are emphatically of opinion that there are no evils connected with the Turf which the Jockey Club are not strong enough to grapple with, if they gird them honestly to the task, and are no respecters of persons. The first improvement which it seems desirable that they should endeavour to inaugurate is a reduction in the multitude of race-gatherings. From the beginning of February until the end of November, scarcely a week passes without its one or more race-meetings. Every one must have remarked how large a proportion of the multitudinous races thus contended for consists of handicap races for distances ranging between a quarter of a mile and a mile. Scarcely less numerous are the two-year-old spins. It seems to us undeniable that we owe the disappearance from our racecourses of the Beeswings, Alice Hawthorns, and Fishermen of the past solely to that system of Turf management which prematurely taxes the strength of our thoroughbreds, by forcing them all to stand severe training at two years old. Here is a vicious practice with which the Jockey Club is fully competent to deal. What is there to prevent their enacting that no two-year-old shall appear in public earlier in the year than the July meeting at Newmarket? "The July" was the first two-year-old race ever established in Great Britain by the Jockey Club. Why should they not decree that it shall be the first race in each successive year in which two-year-olds shall be stripped for public competition? We are well aware of the jealousies which such a decision will awaken in the breasts of the managers of all race-meetings anterior in the year to July. But we submit that the vitality, if not the very existence, of the Turf depends upon some coercive or restrictive legislation of this nature. Nothing is so easy as for the Jockey Club to present petitions to Parliament deprecating interference with the laws of horse-racing on the part of members of either of our legislative Houses. But such petitions necessarily imply that the Jockey Club is both able and willing itself to legislate with a view to securing and promoting the true interests of the Turf. Let them, in conclusion, take home to their hearts the following weighty words of a modern writer:—"There is no fear of the interests of the Turf ever being seriously affected as long as those who hold the position of its chief guardians make judicious use of their own powers, keep themselves beyond reproach by their own line of conduct, and act in a strict spirit of equity in regard to others."

PAUL GOSSLETT'S CONFESSIONS.

CONFESSION THE SECOND—AS TO LOVE.

CHAPTER I.

"IN DOUBT."

THE door into the ante-room where I was waiting stood half-open, and I heard a very imperious voice say, "Tell Mr. Gosslett it is impossible,—quite impossible! There are above three hundred applicants, and I believe he is about the least suitable amongst them." A meek-looking young gentleman came out after this; and, closing the door cautiously, said, "My lord regrets extremely, Mr. Gosslett, that you should have been so late in forwarding your testimonials. He has already filled the place, but if another vacancy occurs, his lordship will bear your claims in mind."

I bowed in silent indignation, and withdrew. How I wished there had been any great meeting,—any popular gathering,—near me at that moment, that I might go down and denounce, with all the force of a wounded and insulted spirit, the insolence of office and the tyranny of the place-holder! With what withering sarcasm I would have flayed those parasites of certain great houses who, without deserts of their own, regard every office under the Crown as their just prerogative! Who was Henry Lord Scatterdale that he should speak thus of Paul Gosslett? What evidences of ability had he given to the world? What illustrious proofs of high capacity as a minister, that he should insult one of those who, by the declared avowal of his party, are the bone and sinew of England? Let Beales only call another meeting, and shall I not be there to expose these men to the scorn and indignation of the country? Down with the whole rotten edifice of pampered menials and corrupt place-men,—down with families patented to live on the nation,—down with a system which perpetuates the worst intrigues that ever disgraced and demoralised a people,—a system worse than the corrupt rule of the Bourbons of Naples, and more degrading than——

"Now, stoopid!" cried a cabman, as one of his shafts struck me on the shoulder, and sent me spinning into an apple-stall.

I recovered my legs, and turned homewards to my lodgings in a somewhat more subdued spirit.

"Please, sir," said a dirty maid-of-all-work, entering my room after me, "Mrs. Mechim says the apartment is let to another gentleman

after Monday, and please begs you have to pay one pound fourteen and threepence, sir."

"I know, I know," said I, impatiently.

"Yes, sir," replied the smutty face, still standing in the same place.

"Well, I have told you I know all that. You have got your answer, haven't you?"

"Please yes, sir, but not the money."

"Leave the room," said I, haughtily; and my grand imperious air had its success; for I believe she suspected I was a little deranged.

I locked the door to be alone with my own thoughts, and opening my writing-desk, I spread before me four sovereigns and some silver. "Barely my funeral expenses," said I, bitterly. I leaned my head on my hand, and fell into a mood of sad thought. I wasn't a bit of a poet. I couldn't have made three lines of verse had you given me a million for it; but somehow I bethought me of Chatterton in his garret, and said to myself, "Like him, poor Gosslett sunk, famished in the midst of plenty,—a man in all the vigour of youth, able, active, and energetic, with a mind richly gifted, and a heart tender as a woman's." I couldn't go on. I blubbered out into a fit of crying that nearly choked me.

"Please, sir," said the maid, tapping at the door, "the gentleman in the next room begs you not to laugh so loud."

"Laugh!" burst I out. "Tell him, woman, to take care and be present at the inquest. His evidence will be invaluable." As I spoke I threw myself on my bed, and fell soon after into a sound sleep.

When I woke it was night. The lamps were lighted in the street, and a small, thin rain was falling, blurring the gas flame, and making everything look indistinct and dreary. I sat at the window and looked out, I know not how long. The world was crape-covered to me; not a thought of it that was not dark and dismal. I tried to take a retrospect of my life, and see where and how I might have done better; but all I could collect was, that I had met nothing but ingratitude and injustice, while others, with but a tithe of my capacity, had risen to wealth and honour. I, fated to evil from my birth, fought my long fight with fortune, and sank at last, exhausted. "I wonder will any one ever say, 'Poor Gosslett?' I wonder will there be,—even late though it be,—one voice to declare, 'That was no common man! Gosslett, in any country but our own, would have been distinguished and honoured. To great powers of judgment he united a fancy rich, varied, and picturesque; his temperament was poetic, but his reasoning faculties asserted the mastery over his imagination?' Will they be acute enough to read me thus? Will they know,—in one word,—will they know the man they have suffered to perish in the midst of them?" My one gleam of comfort was the unavailing

regret I should leave to a world that had neglected me. "Yes," said I bitterly, "weep on, and cease not."

I made a collection of all my papers,—some of them very curious indeed,—stray fragments of my life,—brief jottings of my opinions on the current topics of the day. I sealed these carefully up, and began to bethink me whom I should appoint my literary executor. I had not the honour of his acquaintance, but how I wished I had known Martin Tupper. There were traits in that man's writings that seemed to vibrate in the closer chambers of my heart. While others gave you words and phrases, he gave you the outgoings of a warm nature,—the overflowings of an affectionate heart. I canvassed long with myself whether a stranger might dare to address him, and prefer such a request as mine; but I could not summon courage to take the daring step.

After all, thought I, a man's relatives are his natural heirs. My mother's sister had married a Mr. Morse, who had retired from business, and settled down in a cottage near Rochester. He had been "in rags,"—I mean the business of that name,—for forty years, and made a snug thing of it; but, by an unlucky speculation, had lost more than half of his savings. Being childless, and utterly devoid of affection for any one, he had purchased an annuity on the joint lives of his wife and himself, and retired to pass his days near his native town.

I never liked him, nor did he like me. He was a hard, stern, coarse-natured man, who thought that any one who had ever failed in anything was a creature to be despised, and saw nothing in want of success but an innate desire to live in indolence, and be supported by others. He often asked me why I didn't turn coalheaver? He said he would have been a coalheaver rather than be dependent upon his relations.

My aunt might originally have been somewhat softer-natured, but time and association had made her very much like my uncle. Need I say that I saw little of them, and never, under any circumstances, wrote a line to either of them?

I determined I would go down and see them, and not waiting for morning nor the rail, that I would go on foot. It was raining torrents by this time, but what did I care for that? When the ship was drifting on the rocks, what mattered a leak more or less?

It was dark night when I set out; and when day broke, dim and dreary, I was soaked thoroughly through, and not more than one-fifth of the way. There was, however, that in the exercise, and in the spirit it called forth, to rally me out of my depression, and I plodded along through mud and mire, breasting the swooping rain in a far cheerier frame than I could have thought possible. It was closing into darkness as I reached the little inn where the cottage stood, and I was by this time fairly beat between fatigue and hunger.

"Here's a go!" cried my uncle, who opened the door for me.
"Here's Paul Gosslett, just as we're going to dinner."

"The very time to suit him," said I, trying to be jocular.

"Yes, lad, but will it suit us? We've only an Irish stew, and not too much of it, either."

"How are you, Paul?" said my aunt, offering her hand. "You seem wet through. Won't you dry your coat?"

"Oh, it's no matter," said I. "I never mind wet."

"Of course he doesn't," said my uncle. "What would he do if he was up at the 'diggins'? What would he do if he had to pick rags as I have, ten, twelve hours at a stretch, under heavier rain than this?"

"Just so, sir," said I, concurring with all he said.

"And what brought you down, lad?" asked he.

"I think, sir, it was to see you and my aunt. I haven't been very well of late, and I fancied a day in the country might rally me."

"Stealing a holiday,—the old story," muttered he. "Are you doing anything now?"

"No, sir. I have unfortunately nothing to do."

"Why not go on the quay then, and turn coalheaver? I'd not eat bread of another man's earning when I could carry a sack of coals. Do you understand that?"

"Perhaps I do, sir; but I'm scarcely strong enough to be a coal-porter."

"Sell matches then,—lucifer-matches!" cried he, with a bang of his hand on the table, "or be a poster."

"Oh, Tom!" cried my aunt, who saw that I had grown first red, and then sickly pale all over.

"As good men as he have done both. But here's the dinner, and I suppose you must have your share of it."

I was in no mood to resent this invitation, discourteous as it was, for I was in no mood to resent anything. I was crushed and humbled to a degree that I began to regard my abject condition as a martyr might his martyrdom.

The meal went over somewhat silently; little was spoken on any side. A half-jocular remark on the goodness of my appetite was the only approach to a pleasantry. My uncle drank something which by the colour I judged to be port, but he neither offered it to my aunt nor myself. She took water, and I drank largely of beer, which once more elicited a compliment to me on my powers of suction.

"Better have you for a week than a fortnight, lad," said my uncle, as we drew round the fire after dinner.

My aunt now armed herself with some knitting apparatus, while my uncle, flanked by a smoking glass of toddy on one side and the "Tizer" on the other, proceeded to fill his pipe with strong tobacco, puffing out at intervals short and pithy apothegms about youth being

the season for work and age for repose,—under the influence of whose drowsy wisdom, and overcome by the hot fire, I fell off fast asleep. For a while I was so completely lost in slumber that I heard nothing around. At last I began to dream of my long journey, and the little towns I had passed through, and the places I fain would have stopped at to bait and rest, but nobly resisted, never breaking bread nor tasting water till I had reached my journey's end. At length I fancied I heard people calling me by my name, some saying words of warning or caution, and others jeering and bantering me; and then quite distinctly,—as clearly as though the words were in my ear,—I heard my aunt say—

"I'm sure Lizzy would take him. She was shamefully treated by that heartless fellow, but she's getting over it now; and if any one, even Paul there, offered, I'm certain she'd not refuse him."

"She has a thousand pounds," grunted out my uncle.

"Fourteen hundred in the bank; and as they have no other child, they must leave her everything they have, when they die."

"It won't be much. Old Dan has little more than his vicarage, and he always ends each year a shade deeper in debt than the one before it."

"Well, she has her own fortune, and nobody can touch that."

I roused myself, yawned aloud, and opened my eyes.

"Pretty nigh as good a hand at sleeping as eating," said my uncle, gruffly.

"It's a smart bit of a walk from Duke Street, Piccadilly," said I, with more vigour than I had yet assumed.

"Why, a fellow of your age ought to do that twice a week just to keep him in wind."

"I say, Paul," said my aunt, "were you ever in Ireland?"

"Never, aunt. Why do you ask me?"

"Because you said a while back that you felt rather poorly of late, —low and weakly."

"No loss of appetite, though," chuckled in my uncle.

"And we were thinking," resumed she, "of sending you over to stay a few weeks with an old friend of ours in Donegal. He calls it the finest air in Europe; and I know he'd treat you with every kindness."

"Do you shoot?" asked my uncle.

"No, sir."

"Nor fish?"

"No, sir."

"What are you as a sportsman? Can you ride? Can you do anything?"

"Nothing whatever, sir. I once carried a game-bag, and that was all."

"And you're not a farmer nor a judge of cattle. How are you to pass your time I'd like to know?"

"If there were books, or if there were people to talk to——"

"Mrs. Dudgeon's deaf,—she's been deaf these twenty years; but she has a daughter. Is Lizzy deaf?"

"Of course she's not," rejoined my aunt, tartly.

"Well, she'd talk to you; and Dan would talk. Not much, I believe, though; he an't a great fellow for talk."

"They're something silent all of them, but Lizzy is a nice girl, and very pretty,—at least she was when I saw her here two years ago."

"At all events, they are distant connections of your mother's; and as you are determined to live on your relations, I think you ought to give them a turn."

"There is some justice in that, sir," said I, determined now to resent no rudeness, nor show offence at any coarseness, however great it might be.

"Well, then, I'll write to-morrow, and say you'll follow my letter, and be with them soon after they receive it. I believe it's a lonely sort of place enough,—Dan calls it next door to Greenland; but there's good air, and plenty of it."

We talked for some time longer over the family whose guest I was to be, and I went off to bed, determined to see out this new act of my life's drama before I whistled for the curtain to drop.

It gave a great additional interest besides to my journey to have overheard the hint my aunt threw out about a marriage. It was something more than a mere journey for change of air. It might be a journey to change the whole character and fortune of my life. And was it not thus one's fate ever turned? You went somewhere by a mere accident, or you stopped at home. You held a hand to help a lady into a boat, or you assisted her off her horse, or you took her in to dinner; and out of something insignificant and trivial as this your whole life's destiny was altered. And not alone your destiny, but your very nature; your temper, as fashioned by another's temper; your tastes, as moulded by others tastes; and your morality, your actual identity, was the sport of a casualty too small and too poor to be called an incident.

"Is this about to be a turning-point in my life?" asked I of myself.

"Is Fortune at last disposed to bestow a smile upon me? Is it out of the very depth of my despair I'm to catch sight of the first gleam of light that has fallen upon my luckless career?"

CHAPTER II.

THE REV. DAN DUDGEON.

My plan of procedure was to be this. I was supposed to be making a tour in Ireland, when, hearing of certain connections of my mother's family living in Donegal, I at once wrote to my Uncle Morse for an introduction to them, and he not only provided me with a letter accrediting me, but wrote by the same post to the Dudgeons to say I was sure to pay them a visit.

On arriving in Dublin I was astonished to find so much that seemed unlike what I had left behind me. That intense preoccupation, that anxious eager look of business so remarkable in Liverpool, was not to be found here. If the people really were busy, they went about their affairs in a half-lounging, half-jocular humour, as though they wouldn't be selling hides, or shipping pigs, or landing sugar hogsheads, if they had anything else to do ;—as if trade was a dirty necessity, and the only thing was to get through with it with as little interruption as possible to the pleasanter occupations of life.

Such was the aspect of things on the quays. The same look pervaded the Exchange, and the same air of little to do, and of deeming it a joke while doing it, abounded in the law courts, where the bench exchanged witty passages with the bar ; and the prisoners, the witnesses, and the jury fired smart things at each other with a seeming geniality and enjoyment that were very remarkable. I was so much amused by all I saw, that I would willingly have delayed some days in the capital ; but my uncle had charged me to present myself at the vicarage without any unnecessary delay, so I determined to set out at once.

I was not, I shame to own, much better up in the geography of Ireland than in that of Central Africa, and had but a very vague idea whither I was going.

"Do you know Donégäl ?" asked I of the waiter, giving to my pronunciation of the word a long second and a short third syllable.

"No, your honour, never heard of him," was the answer.

"But it's a place I'm asking for,—a county," said I, with some impatience.

"Faix, may be it is," said he, "but it's new to me all the same."

"He means Donegäl," said a red-whiskered man with a bronzed, weather-beaten face, and a stern, defiant air, that invited no acquaintanceship.

"Oh, Donegäl," chimed in the waiter. "Begorra ! it wouldn't be easy to know it by the name your honour gav' it."

"Are you looking for any particular place in that county ?" asked the stranger in a tone sharp and imperious as his former speech.

"Yes," said I, assuming a degree of courtesy that I thought would be the best rebuke to his bluntness ; "but I'll scarcely trust

myself with the pronunciation after my late failure. This is the place I want ;" and I drew forth my uncle's letter and showed the address.

"Oh, that's it, is it?" cried he, reading aloud. "'The Reverend Daniel Dudgeon, Killyrotherum, Donegal.' And are you going there? Oh, I see you are," said he, turning his eyes to the foot of the address. "'Favoured by Paul Gosslett, Esq. ;' and you are Paul Gosslett."

"Yes, sir, with your kind permission, I am Paul Gosslett," said I, with what I hoped was a chilling dignity of manner.

"If it's only my permission you want, you may be anything you please," said he, turning his insolent stare full on me.

I endeavoured not to show any sensitiveness to this impertinence, and went on with my dinner, the stranger's table being quite close to mine.

"It's your first appearance in Ireland, I suspect," said he, scanning me as he picked his teeth, and sat carelessly with one leg crossed over the other.

I bowed a silent acquiescence, and he went on. "I declare that I believe a Cockney, though he hasn't a word of French, is more at home on the Continent than in Ireland." He paused for some expression of opinion on my part, but I gave none. I filled my glass, and affected to admire the colour of the wine, and sipped it slowly, like one thoroughly engaged in his own enjoyments.

"Don't you agree with me?" asked he, fiercely.

"Sir, I have not given your proposition such consideration as would entitle me to say I concur with it or not."

"That's not it at all!" broke he in, with an insolent laugh; "but you won't allow that you're a Cockney."

"I protest, sir," said I, sternly, "I have yet to learn that I'm bound to make a declaration of my birth, parentage, and education to the first stranger I sit beside in a coffee-room."

"No, you're not;—nothing of the kind;—for it's done for you. It's done in spite of you, when you open your mouth. Didn't you see the waiter running out of the room with the napkin in his mouth when you tried to say Donegal? Look here, Paul," said he, drawing his chair confidentially towards my table. "We don't care a rush what you do with your H's, or your W's either; but, if we can help it, we won't have our national names miscalled. We have a pride in them, and we'll not suffer them to be mutilated or disfigured. Do you understand me now?"

"Sufficiently, sir, to wish you a very good night," said I, rising from the table, and leaving my pint of sherry, of which I had only drunk one glass.

As I closed the coffee-room door, I thought,—indeed, I'm certain, —I heard a loud roar of laughter.

"Who is that most agreeable gentleman I sat next at dinner?" asked I of the waiter.

"Counsellor MacNamara, sir. Isn't he a nice man?"

"A charming person," said I.

"I wish you heard him in the coort, sir. By my conscience, a witness has a poor time under him! He'd humbug you if you was an archbishop."

"Call me at five," said I, passing up the stairs, and impatient to gain my room and be alone with my indignation.

I passed a restless, feverish night, canvassing with myself whether I would not turn back and leave for ever a country whose first aspect was so forbidding and unpromising. What stories had I not heard of Irish courtesy to strangers,—Irish wit and Irish pleasantry! Was this, then, a specimen of that captivating manner which makes these people the French of Great Britain? Why, this fellow was an unmitigated savage!

Having registered a vow not to open my lips to a stranger till I reached the end of my journey, and to affect deafness rather than be led into conversation, I set off the next day, by train, for Derry. True to my resolve, I only uttered the word "beer" till I arrived in the evening. The next day I took the steamer to a small village called Cushnagorra, from whence it was only ten miles by a good mountain-road to Killyrotherum bay. I engaged a car to take me on, and at last found myself able to ask a few questions without the penalty of being cross-examined by an impertinent barrister, and being made the jest of a coffee-room.

I wanted to learn something about the people to whose house I was going, and asked Pat accordingly if he knew Mr. Dudgeon.

"Troth I do, sir, well," said he.

"He's a good kind of man, I'm told," said I.

"He is indeed, sir; no betther."

"Kind to the poor, and charitable?"

"Thruer for you; that's himself."

"And his family is well liked down here?"

"I'll be bound they are. There's few like them to the fore."

Rather worried by the persistent assent he gave me, and seeing that I had no chance of deriving anything like an independent opinion from my courteous companion, I determined to try another line. After smoking a cigar and giving one to my friend, who seemed to relish it vastly, I said, as if incidentally, "Where I got that cigar, Paddy, the people are better off than here."

"And where's that, sir?"

"In America, in the State of Virginia."

"That's as thrue as the Bible. It's elegant times they have there."

"And one reason is," said I, "every man can do what he likes with his own. You have a bit of land here, and you daren't plant

tobacco ; or if you sow oats or barley, you mustn't malt it. The law says : 'You may do this, and you shan't do that ;' and is that freedom, I ask, or is it slavery ?"

"Slavery,—devil a less," said he, with a cut of his whip that made the horse plunge into the air.

"And do you know why that's done ? Do you know the secret of it all ?"

"Sorra a bit o' me."

"I'll tell you, then. It's to keep up the Church ; it's to feed the parsons that don't belong to the people ;—that's what they put the taxes on tobacco and whiskey for. What, I'd like to know, do you and I want with that place there with the steeple ? What does the Rev. Daniel Dudgeon do for you or me ? Grind us,—squeeze us,—maybe, come down on us when we're trying to scrape a few shillings together, and carry it off for tithes."

"Shure and he's a hard man ! He's taking the herrins out of the net this year,—for every ten herrins he takes one."

"And do they bear that ?"

"Well, they do," said he, mournfully ; "they've no spirit down here ; but over at Muggle-na-garry they put slugs in one last winter."

"One what ?"

"A parson, your honour ; and it did him a dale o' good. He's as meek as a child now about his dues, and they've no trouble with him in life."

"They'll do that with Dudgeon yet, maybe ?" asked I.

"With the Lord's blessing, sir," said he, piously.

Satisfied now that it was not a very hopeful task to obtain much information about Ireland from such a source, I drew my hat over my eyes and affected to doze for the remainder of the journey.

We arrived at length at the foot of a narrow road impassable by the car, and here the driver told me I must descend and make the rest of my way on foot.

"The house wasn't far," he said ; "only over the top of the hill in front of me,—about half-a-quarter of a mile away."

Depositing my portmanteau under a clump of furze, I set out, drearily enough I will own. The scene around me for miles was one of arid desolation. It was not that no trace of human habitation, nor of any living creature, was to be seen, but that the stony, shingly soil, totally destitute of all vegetation, seemed to deny life to anything. The surface rose and fell in a monotonous undulation, like a great sea suddenly petrified, while here and there some greater boulders represented those mighty waves which, in the ocean, seem to assert supremacy over their fellows.

At last I gained the crest of the ridge, and could see the Atlantic, which indented the shore beneath into many a little bay and inlet ; but it was some time ere I could distinguish a house which stood in a

narrow cleft of the mountain, and whose roof, kept down by means of stones and rocks, had at first appeared to me as a part of the surface of the soil. The strong wind almost carried me off my legs on this exposed ridge, so, crouching down, I began my descent, and after half-an-hour's creeping and stumbling, I reached a little enclosed place, where stood the house. It was a long, one-storied building, with cow-house and farm-offices under the same roof. The hall-door had been evidently long in disuse, since it was battened over with strong planks, and secured besides against the north-west wind by a rough group of rocks. Seeing entrance to be denied on this side, I made for the rear of the house, where a woman beating flax under a shed at once addressed me civilly, and ushered me into the house.

"His riv'rence is in there," said she, pointing to a door, and leaving me to announce myself. I knocked, and entered. It was a small room, with an antiquated fireplace, at which the parson and his wife and daughter were seated,—he reading a very much-crumpled newspaper, and they knitting.

"Oh, this is Mr. Gosslett. How are you, sir?" asked Mr. Dudgeon, seizing and shaking my hand; while his wife said, "We were just saying we'd send down to look after you. My daughter Lizzy, Mr. Gosslett."

Lizzy smiled faintly, but did not speak. I saw, however, that she was a pretty, fair-haired girl, with delicate features and a very gentle expression.

"It's a wild bit of landscape here, Mr. Gosslett, but of a fine day, with the sun on it and the wind not so strong, it's handsome enough."

"It's grand," said I, rather hesitating to find the epithet I wanted.

Mrs. D. sighed, and I thought her daughter echoed it, but as his reverence now bustled away to send some one to fetch my trunk, I took my place at the fire, and tried to make myself at home.

A very brief conversation enabled me to learn that Mr. Dudgeon came to the parish on his marriage, about four-and-twenty years before, and neither he nor his wife had ever left it since. They had no neighbours, and only six parishioners of their own persuasion. The church was about a mile off, and not easily approached in bad weather. It seemed, too, that the bishop and Mr. D. were always at war. The diocesan was a Whig, and the parson a violent Orangeman, who loved loyal anniversaries, demonstrations, and processions, the latter of which came twice or thrice a year from Derry to visit him, and stir up any amount of bitterness and party strife; and though the Rev. Dan, as he was familiarly called, was obliged to pass the long interval between these triumphant exhibitions exposed to the insolence and outrage of the large masses he had offended, he never blinked the peril, but actually dared it; wearing his bit of orange ribbon in his button-

hole as he went down the village, and meeting Father Lafferty's scowl with a look of defiance and insult fierce as his own.

After years of episcopal censure and reproof, administered without the slightest amendment,—for Dan never appeared at a visitation, and none were hardy enough to follow him into his fastness,—he was suffered to do what he pleased, and actually abandoned as one of those hopeless cases which time alone can clear off and remedy. An incident, however, which had befallen about a couple of years back, had almost released the bishop from his difficulty.

In an affray, following on a twelfth of July demonstration, a man had been shot, and though the Rev. Dan was not in any degree implicated in the act, some imprudent allusion to the event in his Sunday's discourse got abroad in the press, and was so severely commented on by a young barrister on the trial, that an inhibition was issued against him, and his church closed for three months.

I have been thus far prolix in sketching the history of those with whom I was now to be domesticated, because once placed before the reader, my daily life is easily understood. We sat over the fire nearly all day, abusing the Papists, and wondering if England would ever produce one man who could understand the fact that unless you banished the priests and threw down the chapels there was no use in making laws for Ireland.

Then we dined, usually on fish and a bit of bacon, after which we drank the glorious, pious, and immortal memory, with the brass money, the wooden shoes, and the rest of it,—the mild Lizzy herself being "told off" to recite the toast, as her father had a sore throat and couldn't utter; and the fair, gentle lips, that seldom parted save to smile, delivered the damnatory clause against all who wouldn't drink that toast, and sentenced them to be "rammed, jammed, and crammed," as the act declares, in a way that actually amazed me.

If the peasant who drove me over to Killyrotherum did not add much to my knowledge of Ireland by the accuracy of his facts or the fixity of his opinions, the Rev. Dan assuredly made amends for all these shortcomings; for he saw the whole thing at a glance, and knew why Ireland was ungovernable, and how she could be made prosperous and happy, just as he knew how much poteen went to a tumbler of punch; and though occasionally despondent when the evening began, as it drew towards bedtime and the decanter waxed low, he had usually arrived at a glorious millennium, when every one wore an orange lily, and the whole world was employed in singing "Croppies lie down."

CHAPTER III.

THE RUN AWAY.

I SUPPOSE I must be a very routine sort of creature, who loves to get into a groove and never leave it. Indeed, I recognise this feature of my disposition in the pleasure I feel in being left to myself, and my own humdrum way of diverting my time. At all events, I grew to like my life at Killyrotherum. The monotony that would have driven most men to despair was to me soothing and grateful.

A breezy walk with Lizzy down to the village after breakfast, where she made whatever purchases the cares of household demanded, sufficed for exercise. After that I wrote a little in my own room,—short, jotting notes, that might serve to recall, on some future day, the scarcely tinted surface of my quiet existence, and occasionally putting down such points as puzzled me,—problems whose solution I must try to arrive at with time and opportunity. Perhaps a brief glance at the pages of this diary, as I open it at random, may serve to show how time went over with me.

Here is an entry. [Friday, 17th November.—Mem., to find out from D. D. the exact explanation of his words last night, and which possibly fatigue may have made obscure to me. Is it Sir Wm. Vernon or the Pope who is Antichrist?

Query: also, would not brass money be better than no halfpence? and are not wooden shoes as good as bare feet?

Why does the parish clerk always bring up a chicken when he comes with a message?

Lizzy did not own she made the beefsteak dumpling, but the maid seemed to let the secret out by bringing in a little amethyst ring she had forgotten on the kitchen table. I wish she knew that I'd be glad she could make dumplings. I am fond of dumplings. To try and tell her this.

Mrs. D. suspects Lizzy is attached to me. I don't think she approves of it. D. D. would not object if I became an Orangeman. Query, what effect would that have on my future career? Could I be an Orangeman without being able to sing the "Boyne Water?" for I never could hum a tune in my life. To inquire about this.

Who was the man who behaved badly to Lizzy? And how did he behave badly? This is a very vital point, though not easy to come at.

18th.—Lizzy likes, I may say loves me. The avowal was made this morning, when I was carrying up two pounds of sugar and one of soap from the village. She said, "Oh, Mr. Gosslett, if you knew how unhappy I am!"

And I laid down the parcel, and taking her hand in mine, said, "Darling, tell me all!" and she grew very red and flurried, and said,

"Nonsense, don't be a fool! Take care Tobias don't run away with the soap. I wanted to confide in you; to trust you. I don't want to——" And there she fell a-crying, and sobbed all the way home, though I tried to console her as well as the basket would permit me. Mem.—Not to be led into any tendernesses till the marketing is brought home. Wonder does Lizzy require me to fight the man who behaved badly? What on earth was it he did?

A great discovery coming home from church to-day. D. D. asked me if I had detected anything in his sermon of that morning which I could possibly call violent, illiberal, or uncharitable. As I had not listened to it I was the better able to declare that there was not a word of it I could object to. "Would you believe it, Gosslett," said he,—and he never had called me Gosslett before,—"that was the very sermon they arraigned me for in the Queen's Bench; and that mild passage about the Virgin Mary, you'd imagine it was murder I was instilling. You heard it to-day, and know if it's not true. Well, sir," continued he, after a pause, "Tom MacNamara blaguarded me for twenty minutes on it before the whole court, screeching out, 'This is your parson! this is your instructor of the poor man! your Christian guide! your comforter! These are the teachings that are to wean the nation from bloodshed, and make men obedient to the law and grateful for its protection!' Why do you think he did this? Because I wouldn't give him my daughter,—a Papist rascal as he is! That's the whole of it. I published my sermon and sent it to the bishop, and he inhibited me! It was clear enough what he meant; he wanted to be made archbishop, and he knew what would please the Whigs. 'My lord,' said I, 'these are the principles that placed the Queen on the throne of this realm. If it wasn't to crush Popery he came, King William crossed the Boyne for nothing.'"

He went on thus till we reached home; but I had such a headache from his loud utterance, that I had to lie down and sleep it off.

Monday, 31st.—A letter from Aunt Morse. Very dry and cold. Asks if I have sufficiently recovered from my late attack to be able to resume habits of activity and industry? Why, she knows well enough I have nothing to engage my activity and industry, for I will not be a coalheaver, let uncle say what he likes. Aunt surmises that possibly some tender sentiment may be at the bottom of my attachment to Ireland, and sternly recalls me to the fact that I am not the possessor of landed property and an ancient family mansion in a good county. What can she mean by these warnings? Was it not herself that I overheard asking my uncle, "Would not he do for Lizzy?" How false women are! I wish I could probe that secret about the man that behaved ill: there are so many ways to behave ill, and to be behaved ill by. Shall I put a bold face on it, and ask Lizzy?

Great news has the post brought. Sir Morris Stamer is going out Lord High Commissioner to the Ionian Islands, and offers to take me as private sec.

It is a brilliant position, and one to marry on. I shall ask Lizzy to-day.

Wednesday, all settled;—but what have I not gone through these last three days! She loves me to distraction; but she'll tell nothing, —nothing till we're married. She says, and with truth, "confidence is the nurse of love." I wish she wasn't so coy. I have not even kissed her hand. She says Irish girls are all coy.

We are to run away, and be married at a place called Articlane. I don't know why we run away; but this is another secret I'm to hear later on. Quiet and demure as she looks, Lizzy has a very decided disposition. She overbears all opposition, and has a peremptory way of saying, "Don't be a fool, G.!"—she won't call me Paul, only G.,—"and just do as I bade you." I hope she'll explain why this is so,—after our marriage.

I'm getting terribly afraid of the step we're about to take. I feel quite sure it was the Rev. Dan who shot the Papist on that anniversary affair; and I know he'd shoot me if he thought I had wronged him. Is there any way out of this embarrassment?

What a headache I have! We have been singing Orange songs for four hours. I think I hear that odious shake on the word "ba-a-ttle," as it rhymes to "rat—tle," in old Dan's song. It goes through my brain still; and to-morrow at daybreak we're to run away! Lizzy's bundle is here, in my room; and Tom Ryan's boat is all ready under the rocks, and we're to cross the bay. It sounds very rash when one comes to think of it. I'm sure my Aunt Morse will never forgive it. But Lizzy, all so gentle and docile as she seems, has a very peremptory way with her; and as she promises to give me explanations for everything later on, I have agreed to all. How it blows! There has not been so bad a night since I came here. If it should be rough to-morrow morning, will she still insist on going? I'm a poor sort of sailor at the best of times; but if there's a sea on, I shall be sick as a dog! And what a situation,—a sea-sick bridegroom running off with his bride! That was a crash! I thought the old house was going clean away. The ploughs and harrows they've put on the roof to keep the slates down perform very wild antics in a storm.

I suppose this is the worst climate in Europe. D. D. said yesterday that the length of the day made the only difference between summer and winter; and, oh dear! what an advantage does this confer on winter.

Now to bed,—though I'm afraid not to sleep;—amid such a racket and turmoil, rest is out of the question. Who knows when, where, and how I shall make the next entry in this book? But, as Mr.

Dudgeon says when he finishes his tumbler, "Such is life! such is life!"

I wonder will Lizzy insist on going on if the weather continues like this? I'm sure no boatman with a wife and family could be fairly asked to go out in such a storm. I do not think I would have the right to induce a poor man to peril his life, and the support of those who depend upon him, for my own,—what shall I call it?—my own gratification,—that might be for a picnic;—my own,—no, not happiness, because that is a term of time and continuity;—my own—There goes a chimney, as sure as fate! How they sleep here through everything! There's that fellow who minds the cows snoring through it all in the loft overhead; and he might, for all he knew, have been squashed under that fall of masonry. Was that a tap at the door? I thought I heard it twice.

Yes, it was Lizzy. She has not been to bed. She went out as far as the church rock to see the sea. She says it was grander than she could describe. There is a faint moon, and the clouds are scudding along, as though racing against the waves below; but I refuse to go out and see it all the same. I'll turn in, and try to get some sleep before morning.

I was sound asleep, though the noise of the storm was actually deafening, when Lizzy again tapped at my door, and at last opening it slightly, pushed a lighted candle inside, and disappeared. If there be a dreary thing in life, it is to get up before day of a dark, raw morning, in a room destitute of all comfort and convenience, and proceed to wash and dress in cold, gloom, and misery, with the consciousness that what you are about to do not only might be safer and better undone, but may, and not at all improbably will, turn out the rashest act of your life.

Over and over I said to myself, "If I were to tell her that I have a foreboding,—a distinct foreboding of calamity;—that I dreamed a dream, and saw myself on a raft, while waves, mountain high, rose above me, and depths yawned beneath,—dark, fathomless, and terrible,—would she mind it? I declare, on my sacred word of honour, I declare I think she'd laugh at me!

"Are you ready?" whispered a soft voice at the door; and I saw at once my doom was pronounced.

Noiselessly, stealthily, we crept down the stairs, and, crossing the little flagged kitchen, undid the heavy bars of the door. Shall I own that a thought of treason shot through me as I stood with the great bolt in my hands, and the idea flashed across me, "What if I were to let it fall with a crash, and awake the household?" Did she divine what was passing in my head, as she silently took the bar from me, and put it away?

We were now in the open air, breasting a swooping nor'-wester that chilled the very marrow of my bones. She led the way through

the dark night as though it were noonday, and I followed, tumbling over stones and rocks and tufts of heather, and falling into holes, and scrambling out again like one drunk. I could hear her laughing at me too;—she who so seldom laughed; and it was with difficulty she could muster gravity enough to say she hoped I had not hurt myself.

We gained the pier at last, and, guided by a lantern held by one of the boatmen, we saw the boat bobbing and tossing some five feet down below. Lizzy sprang in at once, amidst the applauding cheers of the crew, and then several voices cried out, "Now, sir! Now your honour!" while two stout fellows pushed me vigorously, as though to throw me into the sea. I struggled and fought manfully, but in vain. I was jerked off my legs, and hurled headlong down, and found myself caught below by some strong arms, though not until I had half sprained my wrist, and barked one of my shins from knee to instep. These sufferings soon gave way to others, as I became sea-sick, and lay at the bottom of the boat, praying we might all go down, and end a misery I could no longer endure. That spars struck me, and ballast rolled over me; that heavy-footed sailors trampled me, and seemed to dance on me, were things I minded not. Great waves broke over the bows, and came in sheets of foam and water over me. What cared I? I had that death-like sickness that makes all life hideous, and I felt I had reached a depth of degradation and misery in which there was only one desire,—that for death. That we succeeded in clearing the point which formed one side of the bay was little short of a miracle, and I remember the cheer the boatmen gave as the danger was passed, and my last hope of our all going down left me. After this, I know no more.

A wild confusion of voices, a sort of scuffling uproar, a grating sound, and more feet dancing over me, aroused me. I looked up. It was dawn; a grey murky streak lay towards the horizon, and sheets of rain were carried swiftly on the winds. We were being dragged up on a low shingly shore, and the men,—up to their waists in water,—were carrying the boat along.

As I looked over the gunwale, I saw a huge strong fellow rush down the slope, and breasting the waves as they beat, approach the boat. Lizzy sprang into his arms at once, and he carried her back to land triumphantly. I suppose at any other moment a pang of jealousy might have shot through me. Much sea-sickness, like perfect love, overcometh all things. I felt no more, as I gazed, than if it had been a bundle he had been clasping to his bosom.

They lifted me up, and laid me on the shingle.

"Oh, do, Tom; he is such a good creature!" said a voice which, low as it was, I heard distinctly.

"By all that's droll! this is the Cockney I met at Morrisson's!" cried a loud voice. I looked up; and there, bending over me, was

Counsellor MacNamara, the bland stranger I had fallen in with at Dublin.

"Are you able to get on your legs," asked he, "or shall we have you carried?"

"No," said I, faintly; "I'd rather lie here."

"Oh, we can't leave him here, Tom; it's too cruel."

"I tell you, Lizzy," said he, impatiently, "there's not a minute to lose."

"Let them carry him, then," said she, pleadingly.

I mildly protested my wish to live and die where I lay; but they carried me up somewhere, and they put me to bed, and they gave me hot drinks, and I fell into, not a sleep, but a trance, that lasted twenty odd hours.

"Faix! they had a narrow escape of it," were the first intelligible words I heard on awaking. "They were only just married and druv off when old Dan Dudgeon came up, driving like mad. He was foaming with passion, and said if he went to the gallows for it, he'd shoot the rascal that abused his hospitality and stole his daughter. The lady left this note for your honour."

It went thus:—

"DEAR MR. GOSSLETT,

"You will, I well know, bear me no ill-will for the little fraud I have practised on you. It was an old engagement, broken off by a momentary imprudence on Tom's part; but as I knew he loved me, it was forgiven. My father would not have ever consented to the match, and we were driven to this strait. I entreat you to forgive and believe me

"Most truly yours,

"LIZZY MACNAMARA."

I stole quietly out of Ireland after this, and got over to the Isle of Man, where I learned that my patron had thrown up his Ionian appointment, and I was once again on the world.

SPIRITUAL WIVES.

UNDER the above title Mr. Hepworth Dixon has produced a book which we honestly wish had remained unwritten. Such being the estimate that we place upon the work in question, it may be asked why we desire to call attention to this ill-advised production? Our answer is, that we would very gladly have passed over the subject in silence. Unfortunately, Mr. Dixon occupies a sufficiently high position in literature to secure for a work professing to give startling disclosures on the subject of spiritual matrimony a degree of attention which would not be accorded to the works of less well-known writers. Holding as we do that the crude theories propounded by Mr. Dixon are calculated to do much harm, to introduce a tone of thought which should not be encouraged amongst English men and women, and to throw discredit on our national reputation for good sense, good taste, and common decency abroad, we cannot in duty refrain from doing what lies in our power to check the growth of a new species of literature of which *Spiritual Wives* is only too likely to set an example.

The genuine and unquestionable success which attended the *New America* seems to have inspired Mr. Dixon with the ambition to produce a sensation of still more startling character. Sequels are almost invariably failures; and *Spiritual Wives* forms no exception to the common rule. Whatever may be the success of the book in a commercial point of view, it will not add to the literary reputation of its author. It has all the defects, the lack of order and arrangement, the careless slipshod writing, the total absence of discrimination between the relative value of facts, which characterised its predecessor; and it has neither the brightness nor the vigour which redeemed the gross faults of the *New America*. The two large volumes which bear the catch-penny title of *Spiritual Wives* consist of a number of disjointed essays and narratives, the only connection between which is to be found in their more or less direct bearing on the subject of mystic relations between the sexes. Encouraged by the success of his *Revelations of Mormon Life*, Mr. Dixon appears to have hunted in all directions for disclosures of a similar nature. In the course of his researches he came across three stories, not, indeed, of a very novel kind,—for their substance had long been familiar to persons who took an interest in such questions,—but, little known to the general public, from the fact that the

character of their main incidents excluded them from admission into ordinary reading circles. To dress up these narratives in such a way as to render them available for home consumption without depriving them of the flavour of impropriety that constituted their attraction, was the task which the author seems to have set before himself.

For some reason or other which we do not pretend to explain, it was obviously deemed advisable to bring out the book with extreme precipitation, many of the earlier chapters having been confessedly written within a few days of publication. The materials, in consequence, fell short, and the three narratives of the Ebel lawsuit at Königsberg, of the Agapemone in Somersetshire, and of George Cragin's matrimonial experiences, which, if repeated simply and succinctly, might have formed an interesting, though not very edifying volume, only furnished matter for half the requisite number of pages. Under these circumstances, Mr. Dixon has diluted his somewhat meagre materials with a mass of second-rate newspaper correspondents' descriptions, and has eked out his space by throwing in a series of mediocre essays on Fourier, and Owen, and Swedenborg, and other advanced thinkers. Altogether he has produced a work which cannot lay claim to any philosophical value, though possibly the suggestive character,—for we can use no milder word,—of the topics it discusses, and the manner of their discussion, may secure for it an attention not accorded to more deserving treatises.

Our objection, however, to *Spiritual Wives* is not based upon its literary defects. Our grievances are of a more serious character. In the first place, Mr. Dixon, by the necessities of his position, is compelled to deal not altogether honestly with his readers. If it was worth while to make Oneida Creek and the Agapemone matters for grave and serious controversy,—a postulate which we altogether deny,—the persons called to enter on the controversy should in common fairness have been placed in possession of the true nature of the peculiar institutions which find favour in these communities. Yet no book which could hope to find a circulation out of Holywell Street could venture to explain clearly and intelligibly what the nature of these institutions is in sober truth; and therefore the judgment that any ordinary reader would form from the perusal of this apology for spiritual matrimony is necessarily one-sided and imperfect. In the same way Mr. Dixon's critics are placed at a disadvantage. The details which he has shrunk from giving we are equally unable to state in print; and yet, unless they are so stated, the gravamen of our accusation cannot be fully appreciated. This much we can say, that nobody can form any opinion as to what the Perfectionists really teach and practise unless he has access to materials to which Mr. Dixon has studiously avoided all allusion. In the course of last season there came over to London a certain Mr. Noyes, Jun., the son, we believe, of the founder of the Oneida Creek Brotherhood. The

attention created by the account of this obscure sect, published in the *New America*, had led the members of the community to imagine that their views might meet with more attention in this country than had been conceded them in the United States; and Mr. Noyes, Jun., was the delegate chosen to make the real character of the Perfectionist persuasion known to the British public. What success his mission met with we are not able to say. All we know is, that he called on various men of letters in London, and presented them with a pamphlet published at the Printing Press of Oneida Creek, and purporting to be the official exposition of the New Evangel taught by Father Noyes. For very obvious reasons, this pamphlet was intended for private circulation only. All we can venture to state in these pages is, that the pamphlet explained in the very plainest of plain words the exact nature of the relations between the sexes which are taught and enforced at Oneida Creek; and that it justified, by an elaborate scriptural theory, libidinous practices which common decency,—to say nothing of morality, and still less of religion,—has universally condemned. The general nature of the Oneida theory can be stated more easily than the exact character of their practices. The Perfectionists profess to hold the doctrine of verbal inspiration in its strictest sense. We read in Holy Writ that the first Christians “had all things in common.” The converts to the Gospel after Noyes interpret community of goods as applying to everything human beings enjoy. They claim no exclusive property in anything, not even in the conjugal affections of man and wife. The deductions that may logically be drawn from these tenets are obvious enough; and if the official report to which we allude is to be believed, these logical deductions are carried out most rigidly into execution. How the practice of free love is combined at Oneida Creek with a rigid adherence to Malthusian doctrines is a question which we are precluded from approaching. Persons well acquainted with German may find some clue to the solution of the problem by perusing Professor Sach’s statement with regard to the sect of the Ebelians, given at the end of *Spiritual Wives*.

Mr. Dixon would doubtless agree with us in admitting that the fact that certain sects are addicted to immoral and revolting practices constitutes no reason why they should be deemed worthy of public attention. His plea would be that these same sects have manifested an amount of religious zeal and genuine fervour difficult to reconcile with the notion of their being composed of mere common hypocrites. Undoubtedly the one remarkable part of Mr. Noyes’ manifesto was the mixture of a sort of religious asceticism with an open and avowed disregard of all moral restraints. No candid reader could peruse the pamphlet without seeing that though the chief apostle might be,—and probably was,—a vulgar impostor, yet that he had based his influence over his converts on a genuine, if perverted, enthusiasm; and that

though it was certain the Oneida Creek community would degenerate, —if it had not already degenerated,—into an abode of unbridled sensuality, yet that it owed its existence to an intense yearning on the part of its dupes and devotees for some closer communion with God than they could find in the established creeds, either of the Old World or the New.

To solve the problem suggested by this apparent contradiction is, we presume, the professed object of the work under notice. Mr. Dixon's ambition, if we understand him rightly, is to explain the manner in which the dogma of spiritual marriage has been evolved from genuine outbursts of ascetic zeal. For the ordinary reader, as we have already stated, the interest of the solution is marred by the fact that the conditions of the problem cannot be clearly explained. After the account given in the book before us of the mode in which Brother Prince initiated his disciples into the mystery of the Incarnation in the billiard-room of the Agapemone, it may seem incredible that there should be any details connected with these topics which Mr. Dixon should shrink from exposing. But yet we can truly say that even after perusing *Spiritual Wives*, the real nature of spiritual matrimony, as practised at Königsberg and Oneida Creek, can only be understood by those who can read between the lines by the light of Noyes' pamphlet and Sach's statement. Even, however, with the help of these keys, we have to a great extent to construct for ourselves the theory which Mr. Dixon desires to put forward. As far as we can form an opinion, we should say that the author had collected a number of materials with some idea of forming from them an exhaustive work on the subject of what may be termed morbid manifestations of the religious instincts. But, for some cause or other, the original design was abandoned, the materials were all thrown higgledy-piggledy together, and furnished with sensational headings; while the work of literary joinery was conducted so carelessly, that the fundamental idea cannot be followed without difficulty. In fact, taking the book at its best, *Spiritual Wives* can only be considered as a sort of "*Mémoires pour servir*" for the formation of a real history of the free-love developments of religious mania.

As far then as we can understand, not what Mr. Dixon says, but what we suppose he meant to have said if he had taken the trouble to work out his own ideas, we should conceive that his theory amounts to something of the following kind. All religious revivals are initiated, in the first instance, by men of high aspirations, of pure character, and of genuine zeal. Ever and anon, when society has become sceptical and prosperous, when civilisation has been developed to the pitch of luxury, when religious zeal has waxed faint, and faith grown feeble, there rises up some zealot, or enthusiast, or prophet, as you may choose to call him,—a man for the most part of low birth, humble education, and intense energy, who calls on

his fellow-sinners to take up their cross. Such an appeal is seldom made altogether in vain. Deep implanted in human nature, at any rate in the nature of Christian men, there lies the conviction that this world is not everything,—that there is something beyond for which, if you could but find it, it is worth while to forsake all and follow the heaven-sent leader. And among Teutonic, or as Mr. Dixon, for some inscrutable reason, loves to call them, Gothic races, the idea of self-sacrifice is an inseparable portion of these protests against Sadducean scepticism. However the creeds of these new prophets of an old Gospel may vary in other respects, they one and all agree in regarding the abnegation of self as the path which leads heavenwards. The neophytes, in the first fervour of their new-born zeal, long to sacrifice the very things that they count nearest and dearest; and the same impulse which led the hermits of old into the Thebaid, which called monasteries and nunneries into being, teaches them that the normal relations between men and women constitute an almost inseparable obstacle to that complete detachment of their souls from earthly thoughts and cares which they deem essential to salvation. Actuated by such convictions, the new believers commence their career by a programme which, in one form or other, amounts to a declaration of absolute chastity. The early converts, in the first outburst of enthusiasm, are sincere in their professions. The celestial passion for the time supersedes all terrestrial ones. Gradually, however, in obedience to the inevitable laws of nature, while the separation of the believers from the ordinary ties of humanity increases their religious excitement, this excitement in its turn stimulates the indelible instincts which tend to associate men and women together. The lines with which the Chorus of Mystics closes the last part of Goethe's *Faust*—

“Das Unbeschreibliche
Hier ist es gethan,
Das Ewig-Weibliche
Zieht us hinan,”—

describe the process by which the original asceticism becomes modified. The attraction of the Eternal Womanly proves irresistible. Platonic love, mystic affinity, spiritual communion, soul marriage, or whatever may be the term adopted,—the result is the same. The saints, though they still profess to eschew carnal passions, and to a great extent do fulfil their professions, yet permit themselves to enter on relations of a quasi-matrimonial kind. Beginning with the kiss of peace, they go on from innocent liberties to liberties that are not innocent. The close degree of intimacy created by the common fervour of an exaggerated and morbid enthusiasm, the artificial excitement of an unnatural life, all tend to increase the ardour of these peculiar connections, which are not restrained by the ordinary rules of society, or regulated by the restraints which influence the children

of this world. At last nature conquers. The zeal dies away, the passion remains. The system which was honestly designed to elevate the saints above mortal infirmities becomes a mere cloak for licentiousness; and free love, after the fashion of Oneida Creek, is evolved from Revivalist Asceticism.

Such we gather to be the lesson which Mr. Dixon intended to have deduced from his researches, if he had allowed himself time to work out his conclusion. Such, at any rate, is the lesson which, granting his facts, would seem to us to follow from them. In his opinion, as we imagine, the Mormons, the Shakers, the Perfectionists, the Agapemonists, the Ebelians, and all the other sects of the Antinomian type to which he alludes, owed their origin to bona fide manifestations of religious zeal, and have degenerated rather by the action of general causes than by the intentional depravity of their leaders. Whatever may be the truth of this theory in other respects, we agree with it so far that we hold the conventional hypocrites of the stage, the Tarruffes and Mawworms,—the men who deliberately assume the garb of religion in order the better to gratify their animal passions,—to be amongst the rarest specimens of human depravity.

Of the strange medley of sketches which Mr. Dixon has patched together in illustration of his theory, the one which bears most closely on the subject under discussion is the story of Mary Cragin and her husband. Much of it is told in the words of the chief actors; and it is therefore comparatively free from the exuberance of diction which often disfigures Mr. Dixon's own writing. Briefly, the story may be told thus:—George Cragin was a young man, of a New England family, in humble life. Brought up on the strictest Puritan principles, he fell away for a time from his faith; but after a short career of dissipation of no very advanced order, he was converted by a revivalist preacher. Cragin, we should infer from his confessions, was a man of great natural piety, of not very powerful intellect, and of very earnest, if undisciplined zeal. At an early age he fell desperately in love with a young woman in his own rank of life, gifted with extreme personal beauty and deep religious feelings. After some hesitation, arising from religious scruples on the part of the woman, Cragin's suit was accepted, and he and Mary Johnson were married in due form in a Presbyterian chapel. On the man's side, the love felt towards his wife was an overwhelming, almost a servile one. The wife, we should gather, felt esteem rather than any deep love for her husband. Indeed, she appears to have been a woman of the Elizabeth of Hungary type, whose religious aspirations were too absorbing to admit of her throwing her whole heart and soul into an earthly passion. The young couple had no children; and religious topics occupied their minds to the exclusion of all others. Mrs. Cragin especially was constantly troubled by religious doubts as to her own salvation, and could find no positive assurance of being one of the

elect, in the teaching of any of the sects whose doctrines she studied. While in this state of mind, she fell in with the writings of the Perfectionists, and caught eagerly at their cardinal tenet that the Second Coming has already arrived, and that those who have once made themselves one with Christ can never sin or fall from grace. While residing at New York, she became acquainted with one of the Evangelists of the Oneida Church, and was admitted into the Perfectionist body. Her husband, who had no will of his own and a very tender conscience, embraced the new creed, as he would have embraced Buddhism if his wife had become convinced of its truth. Then commenced one of the most cruel trials to which mortal soul has ever been subjected even in the annals of religious fanaticism. Her new spiritual directors taught Mrs. Cragin that, in order to detach her soul from the things of this life, she must put away her exclusive attachment to her husband. To her, whose heart was set on things above, the lesson was, perhaps, not difficult; to him, whose whole soul was wrapped up in the wife of his bosom, it was one very hard to learn. Those who care to study the details of one of the most repulsive narratives which has ever come under our notice may learn them from Mr. Dixon. We can only give the merest outline of the story.

The new converts, whom their change of creed had reduced to absolute want, were invited, or rather ordered, to live in the house of a leading member of the Perfectionist community, the Rev. Abraham Smith, who resided in an out-of-the-way district of the State of New York. Poor Cragin himself was employed as a farm-labourer and domestic drudge; his wife was honoured with the especial attention of her host and pastor. Smith's religious influence over the woman, and over her husband through her, was unbounded. Mrs. Cragin was coerced or seduced into sharing Smith's bed and becoming his spiritual wife, or carnal mistress, whichever term we choose to adopt; while her husband, though his heart was breaking, bore the humiliation with silent submission, because he deemed the fact of his wife's being called against her wishes to surrender herself with his own knowledge to the embraces of another, was a trial imposed on him from above in order to wean his heart from earthly bonds, and prepare it for complete absorption into the Saviour. At last, the conduct of the Reverend Abraham,—he being at the time a married man of mature age,—grew matter for public scandal, and the neighbours began to talk ominously of tar and feathers. Unfortunately for the interests of abstract justice, these designs were never carried into practice. Father Noyes,—who, though he may possess the innocence of the dove, unites to it the wisdom of the serpent,—deemed that the scandal required his intervention. By his instructions the connection between Smith and his guests was broken up, and the Cragins were removed to Oneida Creek, where they lived and died. Mrs. Cragin,—so Mr. Dixon assures us,—became the “vital

soul" of the community, and therefore, we must presume, entered heartily into the peculiar relations enjoined upon its members. As an essential part of these relations, according to Mr. Noyes' statement, consists in the young women of the community being submitted, like Susannah, to the attentions of the Elders, and being expected, unlike Susannah, not to repulse their suit, we can only hope that Mr. Cragin, after the fashion of some other husbands in his position, found upon trial that it was only *le premier pas qui coûte*.

Told as we have repeated it, the story of the Cragins is unpleasant enough; told with all the sanctimonious phraseology with which it is clothed in Mr. Dixon's narrative, it is simply repulsive. Yet of the three principal motives which form the staple of *Spiritual Wives*, this one is by far the least offensive, and has the most direct bearing on the subject-matter of the work. Still, after all, we are at a loss to determine what object the author proposed to himself by the recital of these stories. We can hardly imagine that Mr. Dixon is so grossly ignorant of the physiology of mania as not to be aware that this intermingling of religious fanaticism with unbridled sensuality is one of the commonest forms of mental aberration. The annals of any large lunatic asylum could probably furnish instances of delirium not less extraordinary than those which have provided Mr. Dixon with a text on which to hang his theory. How far the contemplation of these morbid manifestations of human passion is either wholesome or desirable we do not now care to inquire. Ever since mankind has begun to occupy itself with religious considerations, there have been instances of individuals and communities who have carried fanatic zeal to a point where it degenerated into license. If there is one step only from the sublime to the ridiculous, there is also but one narrow interval between an enthusiasm that soars above the level of ordinary humanity and a depravity which grovels below the level of common vice and wickedness. The subject is one on which students of psychology may dwell with advantage, but which the world at large would do better to leave unstudied. What remnant of honest faith, what atom of genuine zeal, there may still survive amidst the degradation of the Agapemone or of Oneida Creek, it is not for us to determine. For persons addicted to such practices as Mr. Dixon describes, or rather suggests without describing, we should say there are but two fitting receptacles; and those are a lunatic asylum or a house of correction. We certainly are no advocates for persecution of any kind. We would grant to every one the utmost license of thought, or want of thought, on all religious questions. If people like to believe that they are the Third Person of the Trinity, or that they are in direct communion with the unseen world, or that they are elect and incapable of committing sin, we have not the slightest disposition to dispute the correctness of their theories. But the moment they pretend that their faith justifies them in committing outrages on outward decency, public morality, and common

law, we would have them treated exactly as we should treat other offenders who committed like sins under ordinary circumstances. If it can be shown that their minds are so deranged that they are not fairly to be held responsible for their actions, we would lock them up as dangerous lunatics. If, on the other hand, it should appear that they were sane in the ordinary sense of the word sanity, we should try how far imprisonment and hard labour might not be efficacious in stopping the peculiar manifestations of their religious belief. Not many weeks ago there was a case tried before a London police court which, properly dressed up, might have been added with advantage to the phenomena described in *Spiritual Wives*. A respectable woman walking home through the streets was knocked down and grossly insulted by a scoundrel. The offender had a Bible under his arm, and was an itinerant street preacher. On being placed in the dock, the plea put forward in his behalf was that he was labouring at the time under strong religious excitement from the influence of his own preaching,—that seeing the woman dressed in white, he took her for an angel, and was therefore irresistibly impelled to assault her. No evidence was brought forward to show that the man was mad. At any rate, rightly or wrongly, the presiding magistrate determined he was in his sound mind; and thereupon committed him to the House of Correction for an aggravated assault. We confess that we should like to see similar treatment dealt out to the Agapemomnists, the Perfectionists, and all other sects which outrage public decency by their practices, and attempt to justify their conduct under the plea of religion. The persons who took part in the unholy mysteries which, if Mr. Dixon's account be correct, formed part of the religious rites celebrated by the Ebelians at Königsberg, and by the disciples of Brother Prince at Taunton, were mad or sane. In the former case, they were fit inmates for Bedlam or St. Luke's; in the latter, they were equally well fitted for Pentonville or Portland. From this dilemma we confess that we can see no escape possible.

There is no doubt that every form of insanity, however loathsome or degrading, is a proper study for medical writers. In like manner, all descriptions of vice, however repulsive, deserve the attention of social reformers. And when vice and madness are so closely allied together as they seem to have been in the cases which Mr. Dixon dwells upon so fondly, these instances of human eccentricity have a peculiar interest for students of psychology. But we are utterly unable to see what benefit ordinary unphilosophical readers are expected to derive from the contemplation of the subjects touched upon in *Spiritual Wives*. Mr. Dixon, we presume, would plead that these facts illustrate the growth of an extraordinary development of the religious instincts of our time, and therefore demand the attention of all thinking men. Even granting the cogency of the argument,—

which we do not,—we dispute the facts on which it is sought to be established. We allow that Mormonism is an important and noteworthy manifestation of the progress of religious thought, and therefore we should be indebted to any writer who studied the subject gravely and carefully; nor should we blame him if, in order to describe the true character of the new faith, he entered upon details of a painful character. In Mr. Dixon's *New America*, the account of the Church at Utah, though disfigured by flippancy and lack of method, was still really valuable as a contribution to the knowledge of an important subject. But Agapemonists, and Perfectionists, and Ebelians stand on an entirely different footing from Mormons. In a certain general sense, any development of religion, however insignificant, tends to illustrate the religious tendencies of the age. Just in the same way, the progress of modern science is illustrated by the fact that a man of some intelligence wrote a grave essay a few years ago to prove that the earth does not revolve round the sun. But to argue that a knowledge of the Agapemone is necessary to the due appreciation of the religious development of our time, is about on a par with the declaration that no man could appreciate the true condition of modern science unless he paid due attention to the theories of the eccentric sciolist to whom we have just alluded.

Now, Mr. Dixon is a great deal too well acquainted with both England and America, whatever may be the state of his acquaintance with regard to Germany, not to be fully aware that neither the Agapemone nor Oneida Creek deserves a place amidst important religious phenomena in either country. We are forced, therefore, to the conclusion that he has wilfully exaggerated the religious importance of these obscure sects, in order to furnish himself with an excuse for writing, and his readers with an excuse for reading, about matters which otherwise would be excluded from the domain of ordinary literature. Anybody who had thought fit to describe, as plain matters of fact, how Mrs. Cragin used to leave her husband's bed in order to share that of Mr. Smith; how the Ebelian neophytes were brought to restrain their carnal desires by being permitted to gaze upon the more or less naked charms of the unrobed priestesses, till, like St. Anthony, they grew callous to temptation; how Brother Prince celebrated the dogma of the Incarnation by a spectacle so revolting that it would not have been tolerated in the lowest resorts of profligacy,—could have only reckoned on securing the perusal of a very limited class of readers. But, by throwing a veil of morbid sentimentalism over these disclosures, by ascribing to them a fictitious importance as manifestations of a noteworthy religious movement, Mr. Dixon has introduced his work into decent society. We do not do Mr. Dixon the injustice to suppose that this was his deliberate purpose. We acquit him of any deliberate purpose whatever, except of being

anxious to produce a book which should be read, and of having failed to perceive that in his New America he had reached the extreme limits to which the class of disclosures that constituted the chief interest of the work could decently be carried.

We say frankly that we cannot recommend *Spiritual Wives* to our readers. We would much sooner have left it entirely unnoticed; but as it is likely, from the author's name and reputation, to have a considerable circulation, we deem it the duty of honest criticism to raise a protest against both its subject-matter and the manner in which that matter is discussed. It is emphatically not a book for family reading; and we can only hope that great portions of it will be practically unintelligible to most of its lady-readers. Mr. Dixon has chosen to write on subjects which, at the very best, can only be rendered inoffensive by an excessive delicacy of touch, not to be reckoned amidst the author's many literary merits; and in consequence he has produced a book which, in our judgment, had much better have been left unwritten. We cannot doubt that the public will share our opinion. If unhappily we should prove to be mistaken in our estimate of the public taste, we can only urge that many works which have hitherto been excluded from drawing-room tables, or even from study shelves, had better be removed at once from the *Index Expurgatorius* of English literature.

THE BALLAD OF SQUIRE CURTIS.

A VENERABLE white-hair'd man,
A trusty man and true,
Told me this tale, as word for word
I tell this tale to you.

Squire Curtis rode with his wife through the woods,
Far and far away ;
"The dusk is drawing round," she said,
"I fear we have gone astray."

He spake no word, but lighted down,
And tied his horse to a tree ;
Out of the pillion he lifted her ;
"'Tis a lonely place," said she.

Down a forest-alley he walk'd,
And she walk'd by his side ;
"Would Heaven we were at home !" she said,
"These woods are dark and wide."

He spake no word, but still walk'd on ;
The branches shut out the sky ;
In the darkest place he turn'd him round—
"'Tis here that you must die."

Once she shriek'd, and never again ;
He stabb'd her with his knife ;
Once, twice, thrice, and every blow
Enough to take a life.

A grave was ready ; he laid her in ;
He fill'd it up with care ;
Under the brambles and fallen leaves,
Small sign of a grave was there.

He rode for an hour at a steady pace,
Till unto his house came he ;
On face or clothing, on foot or hand,
No stain that eye could see.

He boldly call'd to his serving-man,
As he lighted at the door :
"Your Mistress is gone on a sudden journey,—
May stay for a month or more.

"In two days I shall follow her ;
Let her waiting-woman know."
"Sir," said the serving-man, "my Lady
Came in an hour ago."

The Ballad of Squire Curtis.

Squire Curtis sat him down in a chair,
And moved neither hand nor head.
In there came the waiting-woman,
"Alas the day!" she said.

"Alas! good sir," says the waiting-woman,
"What aileth my Mistress dear,
That she sits alone without sign or word?
There is something wrong, I fear.

"Her face was as white as any corpse,
As up the stair she pass'd;
She never turn'd, she never spoke;
And the chamber-door is fast.

"She's waiting for you." "A lie!" he shouts,
And up to his feet doth start;
"My wife is buried in Brimley Holt,
With three wounds in her heart."

They search'd the forest by lanthorn-light,
They search'd by dawn of day;
At noon they found the bramble-brake,
And the pit where her body lay.

They carried the murdered woman home,
Slow walking side by side.
Squire Curtis was hang'd upon gallows-tree,
But he told the truth ere he died.

Thus spoke the trusty ancient man,
With hair as white as snow,
As from his wife the tale he heard,
Full fifty years ago.

"Her father, sir, in early days,
Dwelt nigh to Curtis Hall,
And many folk could well avouch
What once did there befall.

"A tablet o'er our church's door
His name and surname tells,—
John Jebb,—churchwarden in the year
We got our peal of bells."

W. A.

THE ITALIAN ACADEMIES.

It may perhaps be proper to explain to some portion of the readers of a popular English magazine that the subject of the following paper has no connection with the more important topic of contemporary Italian education. The academies in question were not places for the education of young persons of either sex ; nor had they any special connection with the universities which Italy still possesses in large numbers, and of which she did in past days possess yet more. The English reader, however, will not have forgotten that—

“ Hoar Plato walked his olived Academe.”

And the remembrance of that line may serve to suggest to such English reader some more tolerably accurate notion of the sense in which the word has been used in Italy. The Italian academies were, in short, societies established for the enjoyment rather than for the acquirement of intellectual and literary culture. And in our own social system they are more closely represented by our learned bodies and our printing clubs than by any other phase of our own intellectual life.

They exercised in their day, however, a far more powerful and ubiquitous influence on the intellectual life of Italy than any or all such institutions as those I have mentioned ever did or could exercise on our own larger and infinitely more varied and many-sided national culture. The Society of Antiquaries is greatly influential among those addicted to antiquarian learning ; the Geological is all in all to the geologist ; and so on. But it cannot be imagined that if all such societies were suddenly extinguished, the great stream of the literary life of England and national English culture would be very seriously injured, much less totally dried up, by such a disaster,—though the special pursuits represented by them would undoubtedly suffer. But in Italy the academies in their day may be said not so much to have influenced as to have constituted and comprised the entire intellectual culture of the nation. With the exception of the strictly professional learning needed for the professional pursuit of law, physic, or divinity, all literary culture was pursued in and by means of these bodies. The exception of the three professional branches of learning which has been made is necessitated by the fact that there were other and more important constituted bodies in and by means of which the learning needed for those professions might be acquired, and under the

authority of which they were practised,—the universities and the ecclesiastical seminaries. But it is not meant that even these branches of culture were uninfluenced by the academies. And it would probably be found impossible to name any university professor, any ecclesiastic of literary pretension, any lawyer who has left the vestige of a name, any physician who had the smallest pretence of being a cultivated man, who was not a member of some one or more of these academies, and the tone and bent of whose mind and taste were not mainly formed by their influence.

I have said that such and so great was the influence of the Italian academies in their day. That day consisted mainly of the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries. The earliest notice of any institution of the kind records, in the words of a certain annalist of the city of Forli, printed by Muratori in his great collection, that “*Jacobus Allegrettus Forlivensis poeta clarus agnoscitur, . . . qui Arimini novum constituit Parnassum.*” Jacopo Allegretti of Forli, who was admitted to be a famous poet, founded in Rimini a new Parnassus, i.e., an academy for the cultivation of poetry. And this was in the last twenty years of the fourteenth century. On the other hand, there are plenty of academies still existing,—perhaps it can hardly be said flourishing,—in many of the cities of Italy to the present day. So that the period of national life over which the history of the academies extends might be said to embrace five, instead of the three centuries to which their “day” has been above restricted. The period, however, during which they exercised the paramount influence which we have attributed to them, and which makes it appear still to be worth while to occupy a little space and time in giving an English reader some account of them, may be confined as above to the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries. Previously to that time they were comparatively few in number; and subsequently to that time the intellectual life of the nation, though feeble and still weak, has begun to draw the stronger nutriment necessary for a more virile growth from larger and deeper sources, and has been rapidly escaping from the influences of which we have been speaking.

It may be taken for granted, we suppose, that the literature and intellectual life of a nation are really and very profoundly influenced by other causes besides the shaping and guiding force of the leading minds of each generation. Of course it is in one sense influenced by all that influences the general existence of the nation. But we mean that it may be assumed that institutional arrangements, made for the express purpose of shaping and influencing national culture and national taste, are really to a certain degree efficient towards the purpose for which they are intended; that, for instance, even Shakspeare would have, in all probability, written in some respect differently from what he did write, if there had existed in his day an

English academy, with a given number of chairs filled by the big-wigs of the literature of the day; that Rabelais, again, under similar circumstances, would also have written differently from what he did write; and that Racine would probably have addressed his contemporaries in a somewhat different style, had there existed no such institution in his day. There will, of course, always be men whose nature will prompt them to withdraw themselves from the sphere of any such influence,—men who will prefer that their tombstones should bear inscriptions akin to that of the French wit who worded his own epitaph,—

“Ci git Piron, qui ne fut rien!
Pas même académicien!”

But such men will not probably possess the greatest minds of their time. And though it may be true that the greatest minds may be the least liable to be crushingly moulded by any external force which can be brought to bear upon them, it is not probably the case that they are the least likely to be in any degree affected by such institutions as those of which we are speaking.

Now our England has, throughout all the course of its intellectual life, been without any such means of æsthetic influence or guidance. It is a speciality of our own and a peculiarity that it should have been so. And few will probably doubt that the results of such absence may be very unmistakably traced throughout the course of our literature, though people will differ in opinion as to the regretability or non-regretability of such results. A great French authority,—no less a man than M. Guizot,—has declared somewhere,—in his admirable “History of Civilisation,” we believe,—that no Englishman can write a book,—i.e., can write it properly, *secundum artem*. And it may probably be assumed that our academy-trained neighbours would be inclined to see in our literary efforts generally the same lamentable absence of the results of such taste and training as only academies can supply. But lately voices to the same effect have been heard among ourselves. And it must be owned that there is much in the current English literature of the day which might well tempt those who have faith in the virtues of authority to wish that the effect of such authority might be brought to bear upon our writers.

The question, therefore, as to the operation of academies,—what they can do, and what they can't do,—and, more specially still, what they may be with probability expected to do,—becomes invested with a somewhat greater interest than might attach to the mere examination of a portion of literary history, however curious. The Italian academies unquestionably were very actively operative in the controlling, guiding and fashioning the forms and spirit of Italian literature during three or more centuries.

It will not be uninteresting to see what and of what nature their operation and influence in this sort were.

It is needless to detain the reader by saying a word of the great co-operating causes which brought about that awakening of human intelligence which has been called the "renaissance." This phase of European history has become now as a household word. It is sufficient to say that the movings of this "renaissance" were felt rather earlier and more powerfully in Italy than elsewhere, as might be expected from the relative position she then held in the scale of civilisation. The multiplication of the academies of which we have to speak was among the first-fruits of the new movement. It was to be expected, and everybody knows, that Italy was foremost among the nations to be sensible of the new awakening. But there was a special and curious characteristic of the new movement of mind in Italy which is not so generally known. The mental movement in Italy, in the fifteenth century, was essentially an anti-Christian movement. There were various causes why this should have been the case. But the principal of these seems to have been the fact that the new learning, the new culture, and the new literature were Pagan learning, Pagan culture, and Pagan literature. The same, it may be urged, was the fact as regards the other nations of Europe. But they received the new ideas through the modifying medium of a national temperament and an idiosyncrasy of a character widely and radically different from those of the race of which these ideas had been the product and the heritage; whereas the temperament and idiosyncrasy of the Italians were identical with those of their Pagan forefathers. The old ideas came to their minds as wheels run down into old and accustomed ruts. These ideas were far more essentially and fundamentally natural to the peoples of the old Italian soil than ever the Christian ideas which had been forced into their places had been. And thus it came to pass that the whole of the cultivated portion of the body social in Italy became at once Pagan to all intents and purposes at the first touch of the new learning.

And the first of the academies that we meet with after the establishment of Jacopo Allegretti's "Parnassus" in Rimini,—which preceded it by nearly a hundred years,—is eminently illustrative of this truth. This first of the academies, with the above unimportant exception, was, though by no means one of the most durably influential, perhaps the most historically famous of any of them. It was that founded at Florence, under the auspices of the first Cosmo de' Medici, for the study and re-establishment of the Platonic philosophy.

In the year 1489 the council which had been assembled by Pope Eugenius IV. for the purpose of endeavouring to reconcile the Western and Eastern Churches was sitting in Florence. And the occasion had brought together a very large and remarkable assem-

blage of the most learned men of Europe, and indeed, also, from the extra-European seats of learning, which had at that time not yet set in utter darkness. The munificent and learning-loving Cosmo received and entertained such guests with eagerness and with the most princely welcome. And among conversations busied rather with the speculations of Plato than with any of the abstrusely puerile points in dispute between the rival churches, the idea of a Platonic Academy was conceived.

"The great Cosmo," says Marsiglio Ficino, in the dedicatory epistle prefixed to his edition of Plotinus, "at the time when the council between the Greeks and the Latins was held at Florence, in the days of Pope Eugenius, heard a Greek philosopher named Gemistus, and surnamed Pletone, who discoursed like another Plato on the opinions of that illustrious philosopher. And he was so excited and warmed by hearing him, that he forthwith formed the idea of an academy, to be put in execution at a subsequent opportune time. And while he was maturing the execution of this design in his mind, he cast his eyes upon me, the son of Ficino his physician, then still a child, and destined me for so great an undertaking, and educated me for it."

But it was under the fostering care of Cosmo's grandson, Lorenzo the Magnificent, that the Platonic Academy rose to its highest pitch of splendour and fame. "There was not a man of any pretension to learning in Florence," says Tiraboschi, "who was not anxious to be numbered among the Academicians. . . And because in turning the leaves of the works of the ancient Platonists they found record of the solemn banquets with which Plato was wont to celebrate the day of his birth, which was also that of his death,—that is, the 18th of November,*—and with which the Platonists for a long time used to honour that day, Lorenzo determined that similar banquets should be renewed." These festive, no less than learned meetings used to take place generally at the Villa of Corezzi, sometimes at that equally the property of Lorenzo at Fiesole, as long as he lived. Both these historical mansions are now the property of Englishmen.

After Lorenzo's death Bernardo Rucellai became the chief patron of the Academy, and its meetings were generally held in the celebrated gardens still extant, and still bearing the same name in Florence. There Machiavelli read his discourses on Livy to his fellow academicians; and there, when the complexion of the times became such that even academical pursuits took a political hue and significance, he was arrested, with others, by the agents of Medicean tyranny. The reader will probably not have forgotten the description of a festive gathering in those storied gardens in the pages of Romola.

The Platonic Academy is said by Tiraboschi to have rendered essential service to literature, not by having brought back to life the

* This is an error.

opinions of the ancient philosophers, "which," says the Modenese librarian, "are but dreams," and still less by the puerile superstitions to which many of the academicians abandoned themselves, but by the translation and diffusion of the works of Plato, which were due to their labour. And though there is reason to think that from the very earliest days of this celebrated Academy the festal character of its meetings was to the full as strongly marked a feature of them as any learned labours, it cannot be denied that there were ripe scholars among them, and that the union and co-operation of these may have done much to advance the pursuit of classical learning. The great patron himself, Lorenzo the Magnificent, was a poet, as well as a dilettante philosopher. And those who have ever had the curiosity to look into his "*Canti Carnacialeschi*," or Carnival Songs, which were sometimes recited at these learned meetings, will perhaps not be disposed to rate very highly the contributions to the study and progress of philosophy, whether Platonic or other, which assemblies of such a character were likely to produce. Much about the same time the learned Greek, Cardinal Bessarion, who was raised to the purple by Eugenius IV., instituted an Academy in his palace at Rome for the study of the ancient philosophy.

And shortly afterwards, under Paul II., the well-known Pomponius Leta became the founder of another, the more special scope of which was the culture of the belles-lettres. But for some reason which is not very clear, the unlucky members of this society incurred the anger and suspicion of the unlearned and morose pontiff, and were thrown into prison and subjected to torture. They were accused, it seems, among other things, of impiety and irreligion. And it is curious to find, among the charges urged against them in support of this accusation, the allegation that they made a practice of changing their names, dropping those which had been assigned to them at the baptismal font, and assuming in place of them Pagan appellations, "as though," say their accusers, "they were ashamed to bear the names of Christian saints and martyrs, and wished, by throwing them off, to indicate that they severed themselves from the fellowship of the Christian Church." Their own account of the matter was, that they assumed for academic purposes the classical names of the poets, historians, and statesmen of ancient times as an incentive to the imitation of their literary and intellectual excellencies. It is difficult to say whether the accusation or the justification were the more absurd; the simple truth being, that the notion of calling each other "*Flaccus*," "*Catullus*," or "*Menander*," was the very innocent puerility of grown-up children playing at classicality in their cups.

But the imprisonment and torture with which the harmless silliness was visited under the suspicious, morose, and unclassical Paul II., were very far from having the effect of deterring others from similar practices; for in all the swarming academies which sprung up in a

subsequent generation, the practice of taking an academical name formed one of the leading diversions of the game.

Much about the same time, under the more genial favour and protection of King Alfonso, the *Accademia del Pontano* was established at Naples by Antonio Panormita. Lorenzo Valla, Gioviano Pontano, Sannazzaro, Galateo, Parrasio, and many others, since well known in the republic of letters, were members of this academy; and they all, undeterred by the gloomy savagery of Pope Paul, adorned themselves with classical names.

The last of the academies which were founded during that fifteenth century was that of Aldus Manutius, the great Venetian editor and publisher. Aldus laboured much during many years to establish this institution on a firm and durable basis. He did succeed in assembling round him a knot of several of the most renowned scholars of the day, —Marco Musuro, Pietro Bembo, afterwards raised to the purple, and many others whose names are less well known on the other side of the Alps. And the special object to which the labours of the Aldine academy were to be directed was of a more practical and real-work-like kind than was the case with most of its fellows, for its scope was the preparation of those celebrated editions of classical authors which have made the name of the founder a household word in all lands. It is very curious to those who know the name of Lucretia Borgia only by the general nature of the reputation she has left behind her, to find the great scholar and editor, who was anxious to secure her patronage for his academy when she was in her latter days Duchess of Ferrara, writing to her that he hopes she will help him in the establishment of it, since "you tell me that there is nothing you desire more than always to merit the approbation of Immortal God, and to be of use to mortals, as well those now living as those henceforward to be born; and to leave behind you when you die something that shall testify that you have not lived without the highest glory."

Florence, Rome, Naples, Venice, had thus their academies before the end of the fifteenth century. From the beginning of the sixteenth, the rage for establishing such societies became so universal that, by the end of that century, scarcely a city of Italy was to be found without its academy. All the larger cities had many. Bologna had more than thirty! The literary history of Rome itself enumerates a much greater number. The Roman Academy, which alone among these, with the exception, perhaps, of the "*Arcadia*" founded by Crescimbeni towards the end of the seventeenth century, acquired sufficient renown for its name to have become known beyond the Alps, arose after all out of that ill-starred society founded by Pomponius Leto, and persecuted by Pope Paul II. But its resuscitation took place in milder and more genial times. Leo X. was just the Pope under whom such societies would flourish. A dilettante liking for literature and literary men, such as was produced by the possession

of sufficient cultivation in his own person to make him find it more amusing to have such about him than mere theologians, an entire and thorough preference for the classical tastes, ideas, habits, and views of life which were then in fashion, over the dry scholastic pedantries, the ascetic theories and austere practices of mediæval sacerdotal Christianity, the "geniality" of temperament which led him to exclaim on his elevation to St. Peter's chair: "Well! since God has given us the Papacy, let us enjoy it!"—all this made Leo X. exactly the prince for dilettante convivial academicians. Those, accordingly, were the palmy days of the Roman academy. Those were the days in which a bishop,—Sadoletto of Carpentras,—writing to a cardinal,—Bembo,—implored him not to read such trash as the Epistles of the New Testament, as such studies would infallibly injure his Latin style!

No doubt those Roman meetings were pleasant enough. The subjects of learned discussion which occupied these "*doctissimi viri*" do not by any means seem to have been always, or mostly, of a grave nature. A Latin letter of the time from one of these academicians to another begs him to hurry up to Rome to be present at a meeting, "if you would laugh as never Democritus laughed! For Savoja is to treat of cosmetics and the Cyprian powder!" In another letter from Sadoletto to Angelo Colucci, a "*coltissime poeta*" and noted Mæcenas, in whose house the academy used often to meet, the bishop reminds his friend of "the old times when we used to meet so often, the days when '*erat ætas nostra ad omnem alacritatem animique hilaritatem longe aptior*,'—of the festivals, sometimes in your gardens outside the city wall, sometimes in mine on the Quirinal, or in the Coliseum, or on the bank of the Tiber, where, after familiar feasts, made exquisite not by rich sauces, but by abundant Attic salt, poems were recited, or speeches made, to the infinite delight of us all, because the excellence of the highest culture was conspicuous in them, and yet every word was impressed with festivity and hilarity." The good bishop goes on to mention a great number of their old associates, many of them then "gone over to the majority," and touches on the special qualities of each. He evidently in those later days, living at remote Carpentras, when St. Peter's chair had come to be occupied by a stupid Dutch barbarian, calling himself Adrian VI., who fancied that bishops ought to reside on their sees instead of enjoying academical suppers on the banks of the Tiber, often sadly recalled the old halcyon days when a pope of a different sort made life in Rome a kind of literary carnival. For we have other letters of his to other friends,—some to his brother Bishop of Aquino, recalling the quips and quirks and jesting,—"*dulces Corycæi iracundias, et gratas ineptias Donati*,"—which used to enliven the academic evenings. Another letter of the time tells how, at one such meeting, the wine had been sent by the post from Naples;—how

some of the guests equalled their cups to the number of the Muses ; —and how, at the end of the supper, Marco of Lodi sang Dante's "Per me si va nella Città Solente," while Pietro Polo touched the lyre. The writer goes on to enumerate the guests, naming several bishops among them.

Good Tiraboschi, the mild douce Modenese "abate," after describing these good old times, and remarking that, "in thus reciting to each other their poems, in the interchange of pleasant jests and agreeable chat, the academicians passed happily their days and nights," says that it is impossible to read of such happy times without a gentle sensation of envy.

The pursuits of the Roman Academy were not, it will have been seen, of a very severe or repellently erudite description. But it may be safely assumed that the calibre of mind ordinarily to be met with among its members was very far superior to that which formed the general material out of which the swarms of the academies in every Italian city were formed in the subsequent century. Tiraboschi enumerates and gives an account of one hundred and sixty-nine of these. But he has restricted himself to those of whom there was something more or less to be said. Had he been content to enumerate a mere catalogue of names, or to have simply followed in the steps of his more omnivorous predecessor Quadrio, he might have made the number very much greater. The names of many of them are of the strangest absurdity. "The Kindled,"—"The Trusted,"—"The Courageous,"—"The Excited,"—"The Elevated,"—"The Laborious,"—"The Industrious,"—"The Ingenious,"—and such-like, are among the most reasonable designations. There are in good number such as,—"The Panting Ones,"—"The Apathetic,"—"The Argonauts,"—"The Thirsty,"—"The Stupefied,"—"The Lubberly,"—"The Enchained,"—"The Dissonant,"—"The Dubious,"—"The Fantastic,"—"The Frozen Ones,"—"The Imperfect,"—"The Petrified,"—"The Incapable,"—"The Incurioses,"—"The Untamed,"—"The Unfruitful,"—"The Inflamed,"—"The Nameless,"—"The Unquiet,"—"The Insipid,"—"The Senseless,"—"The Unstable,"—"The Intricate,"—"The Melancholy,"—"The Neglected,"—"The Occult,"—"The Oplosophists,"—"The Obscure,"—"The Obtuse,"—"The Idle,"—"The Rude,"—"The Savage,"—"The Serener,"—"The Unornamented,"—"The Lost,"—"The Solitary,"—"The Thoughtless,"—"The Irregular,"—"The Stupefied,"—"The Dark,"—"The Moist,"—"The Humorous,"—"The Uniform,"—and many others bearing appellations equally strange and unaccountable. By far the greatest number of them were devoted to the cultivation of the "belles-lettres;" and "poetry," by courtesy so called, was the especial form of amene literature which they most affected, especially after the end of the sixteenth century. In almost all of them the "academicians" assumed academical names, often as absurdly chosen as the

most absurd of the titles of the institutions to which they belonged. By these names they were invariably known among each other, and on the title-pages of their numerous publications. So that it is an intricate portion of the task of the Italian literary historian to attribute the works of writers so published to their rightful authors.

Every one of these societies adopted a device or bearing, after the fashion of an heraldic cognizance; and an immense deal of labour, thought, and far-fetched ingenuity was expended on the selection of these. Very active debates and correspondence were carried on upon this subject. It would be easy to collect the titles of a whole library of books written on this special topic;—on the device of this or that academy;—on the history of such devices generally;—on the rules and principles which ought to guide people in the selection of such. Then the mania for these devices became so general that there was not a man or a woman belonging to the classes which formed the societies of the Italian cities who did not adopt a device of his or her own. The academies were consulted on the choice of these. The quantity of correspondence carried on upon the subject is hardly credible, or the amount of “strenuous idleness” wasted on it. Scores of letters have been written on the momentous subject, and volumes of them printed. The happy phrase of Horace, borrowed in the above sentence, describes with admirable fitness the whole business and existence of these innumerable academies. “*Strenua nos exercet inertia*” might have been the most apt “device” and motto for all or any of them.

Such a legend would have figured forth also the producing cause of this noticeable phase of the national life, as well as the manner of its existence. “*Dolce far niente*” will not, after all, get through the whole four-and-twenty hours even in the loveliest of climates and under the sweetest skies. What were all these good people to do? The innumerable abati, cavalieri, marchesi, monsignori, professori, who having the modest amount of means needed for living in perfect leisure in a cheap country, and in a state of society all of whose ways, habits, and conventionalities rendered large expenses unnecessary, had absolutely the whole of their time upon their hands. It was a state of society eminently adapted for the production and multiplication of poor gentlefolks content with their leisure and their small means. Celibacy, from causes too obvious to need mentioning, was very common. Younger sons and brothers, by the usages of society, found bit and sup and a garret in the palazzo of the estated head of the family. Small ecclesiastical preferments were innumerable. Innumerable also were the genteel hangers-on of princes and cardinals, in all sorts of capacities, none of which were held to be disreputable, and to most of which positions some pretence of a tincture of literature was recognised as a potent recommendation. Genteel poverty was not disgraceful, nor was it shunned. Of real productive work there was little to be done, and the doing of that little was for the

most part held to be incompatible with the position of a gentleman. What were all these people, who swarmed in every one of the hundred fair cities of Italy, to do with themselves and their hours? They were all people of education and culture according to notions of their time and clime. There were no Squire Westerns in the land;—no classes who, though occupying social positions which exempted them from the necessity of labour, were nevertheless but little more educated than the tillers of the soil, because they loved to pass their lives in invigorating amusements, the pursuit of which needed no intellectual culture. There were no country gentlemen. City life was the sole and exclusive life of the classes who lived without labour. And modern Italian society has grown to be what it is, for better or for worse, altogether unfashioned by any of those numberless and infinitely important influences which the habits and practice of open-air and country amusements have brought to bear on our own. Whether this were for better or for worse, few Englishmen will doubt or care to question. And there is not, perhaps, any one more encouraging symptom about the present condition of Italian life and prospects than the fact that many Italians are beginning to be of a similar opinion.

All this, however, would lead us into a wide and interesting field of discussion too far away from the immediate object of this paper. It is sufficient for our present purpose to note that all the classes and all the individuals of whom we have been speaking, were wholly dependent on intellectual amusement of some sort for the means of disposing of all the long train of smiling, shining hours which were not filled by eating, drinking, or sleeping. All were "educated." Education, such as it was, was held in honour, and was easily attained. The real enthusiasm which had hailed the revival of learning, and the real admiration which had been accorded to the truly learned and laborious men who had inaugurated that revival, caused the amusement of playing at learning to be held in esteem during more than one subsequent century. Universities covered the land. Professors swarmed in every city. Many, no doubt, earned their bread by intellectual pursuits in a manner which implied real labour; but the masses,—the producers and members of the numberless academies,—having no call to this, only "delighted" in literature;—were "*dilettanti*," and impressed a meaning on the term which we all know.

If space and time were somewhat less fatally unelastic, it might be worth while to give the English reader a few specimens of the literary products of some of these academies and academicians; but it would require several pages, which can be much better filled, to do so. The reader must, therefore, refer for himself to Crescimbeni,—whose own wonderfully watery milk-and-water is among the most vigorous of Italian academical poetry,—or to some other of the numberless collections which still cumber the much-enduring shelves of great libraries.

Or, if he prefer it, he may trust to our word for it, that it is difficult for the English brain to conceive an uninterrupted Sahara of fribbledom so desolate, so inane, so utterly and intensely stale, flat, and unprofitable as is presented by the printed produce of the academies. It is almost all verse, or criticisms on verse, in some degree salted to the palates of those for whom it was written, by a vast amount of quarrelling, partisan-fighting, and mutual abuse;—fighting not only between individual and individual, but between academy and academy, which became far more amusing. And anecdotes of such warfare,—not unamusing even yet, and even here, as curious indications of a state of social life, very different from any that England has ever seen,—might be collected from the cart-loads of tomes which record these battles and forgotten warriors, were it not for the inexorable conditions above alluded to.

There is one, however, among the Italian academies which deserves a more particular mention, both because it has obtained a celebrity co-extensive with the cultivation of European literature, and because its object, its labours, and the result of them, cannot be in any wise included in the remarks which we have made on the mass of its contemporary societies. Of course we allude to the famous *Accademia della Crusca*.

This academy was founded in Florence by a knot of Florentine citizens of scholastic and literary tastes in the year 1582. The English reader would not recognise the names of them, and would not remember them for five minutes. Fame's trumpet is not long enough for such purpose, or at all events is terribly overcharged with confusing sounds.

The scope and object of this academy, as every reader knows, were to constitute itself the guardian and preserver of the purity of the Italian language. And in the pursuit of this object it has laboured with much and real zeal. The academy published its first "*Vocabolario*" in 1612, in one volume; and from time to time many other augmented and improved editions, up to that in six volumes in 1788.

The work it has done has been real and successful. It did succeed in establishing itself, and getting itself recognised as the one standard authority on all questions of the purity of Italian diction from one end of the peninsula to the other. Its leading members were real workers. It did not altogether escape the infection of puerility and frivolity which were the main characteristics of its time and country. These tastes showed themselves in the selection of its title. "*Crusca*" means bran. The device on the title-page of its publications is a blotting-machine. Its motto, "*Il più bel fior ne coglie*,"—"It gathers the finest flower,"—has reference to the same conceit. Of course the allusion to the special business of the society is intelligible enough. All these grave and learned dictionary-makers adorned themselves with fancy names, and sat in a hall fitted with all sorts of allusive

devices and furniture. They did, however, make themselves the admitted arbiters of the Italian tongue; they did produce a very excellent dictionary of the language; they did succeed in their design of "preserving the purity" of the language. And they did occupy a position in the literary world of Europe for a long series of years, which would render a paper devoted to the history of this academy even yet not uninteresting to English readers.

But we must content ourselves on the present occasion with a few remarks on the nature and the result of the success which attended on its efforts. It was the only one among the Italian academies which attained to a position of authority throughout Italy. The *Accademia della Crusca* really did this, and produced a powerful effect on the literature of the country, which only such an authoritative position could have enabled it to produce.

What was the nature of this influence?

Preserving the "purity" of the language meant preserving it from innovations, from neologisms, from "barbarisms." It meant taking care that the writers of one century should express their thoughts exactly in the same language in which those of a preceding century had expressed their thoughts. Thoughts which could not be so expressed were condemned not to be expressed with any literary approbation or authority at all. And those who best understand what the functions of literature are, and what is the influence of language on the operations of the mind, will best appreciate the extent of the power which was then exercised for the prevention of such thoughts from being thought. Writers who had to express themselves in the unaltered language of their forefathers had to think as their forefathers thought;—to let their minds run in the same ruts.

This too made literature "safe," theologically and politically. Princes, ecclesiastical and lay, liked academies much, as soon as they came to understand the nature of them. They made the playing at "culture" and literary pursuits a very harmless pastime for the subjects of paternal rulers.

The Italian mind was stationary and stagnant during a couple of centuries. They were the centuries during which academies multiplied and flourished in every city. And the special operation and influence of the most authoritative and successful of them all contributed in a degree, proportioned to its success, to this stagnation.

THE PRIVATE SOLDIER AS HE IS.

BY A DRAGOON ON FURLOUGH.

"GENERAL PEEL's coppers," as the increment to the soldier's pay bestowed at the instance of the late Secretary for War is somewhat irreverently designated in the ranks, have borne wondrous fruits. It would be strange if they had not. The General himself has no doubt plenty of experience of the raw material out of which soldiers are made, and, questionless, he and Charles Street took sweet counsel together regarding the merits of the scheme. The twopenny increase has been conceived in the true recruiting-sergeant spirit. When the candidate for the Queen's uniform is nibbling at the shilling, the recruiting department knows right well how the hook ought to be baited. Recounted advantages in the shape of gratuitous clothing, diminished barrack damages, increased rations, and shortened drill-hours, would fall unheeded on the ear of a fellow who knows no more about the internal economy of a barrack life than he does of the inner life of the House of Commons. The way to tickle him is to give the recruiting-sergeant the power to make a bigger mouthful of the daily pay which will accrue to him if he bites. In these degenerate days, ribbons and glory, and the chance of dying a field-marshal, no longer are cogent arguments. "What is the pay?" is the cardinal question with the wide-awake young England recruit of 1868. It was certainly a profound knowledge of the idiosyncrasy of the intending recruit which dictated this addition to the soldier's pay, as the means of filling up the terrible gaps in the ranks which existed some eighteen months ago. The scheme has prospered mightily. Between it and the bad times the army is now nearly full. Several regiments are above their strength. Only two cavalry regiments are at present, I believe, open to recruits, and many infantry regiments are also closed.

This being the case, I was very much surprised, coming on furlough to London the other day, when I happened to fall across a manifesto put forth by the Horse Guards, professing to recount the great and manifold advantages enjoyed by "young men who serve her Majesty as soldiers." With an army very close on its full strength now, and with recruits being turned away from Charles Street every day, I wondered, and I wonder now, what purpose this document was designed to subserve. It cannot be intended for circulation throughout our barrack-rooms with the view of producing profound content-

ment with their lot among those who are already soldiers. The real facts of the case are too well known there; and besides, it is a waste of time to angle for caught fish. If it be addressed to men who may have an idea of joining the service, it is, under present circumstances, an obvious superfluity, apart altogether from the question of the fidelity of its representations. If, again, it be meant for the public eye, with the intent of setting the minds of thinking men at rest on the condition of the private soldier, it must be characterised as an attempt to earn credit under pretences many of which, on examination, will be found to be fallacious. Not that for a moment I would be understood as charging the writer of the document with deliberate bad faith. There is a studied tone of moderation pervading it which impresses one with the belief that the writer is anxious to be within the mark, and to state the case fairly; and, in this view, I am not without hope that the comments hereafter made in the interest of the private soldier, and written from the stand-point of the private soldier, may assist the officer in question to a new view on some of the articles of his circular.

In quoting it verbatim, prior to noticing the separate assertions it contains, I would premise that it is impossible entirely to avoid technicalities, and that I must necessarily enter into details which may be caviare to the civilian reader; but the interest of the subject will, with all honest men, stand as my excuse. The manifesto in question ran as follows:—

“The Advantages given to Young Men who serve her Majesty as Soldiers.

“1. A soldier, from his first joining the army, receives, besides his lodgings, food, and clothing, a weekly sum, quite at his own disposal, of two shillings and sixpence, or more.

“2. After three years' service, if his conduct be good, he further increases that sum by sevenpence a week, and again in every successive five years.

“3. If the soldier should qualify himself, he will be before long promoted, and thereby receive further remuneration.

“4. When sick, he has good medical advice, with every comfort.

“5. After twelve years he can leave the service.

“6. After the first eight years' service, should he feel inclined, he may give notice of his wish to remain twenty-one years as a soldier; and if permitted by his commanding officer to enter into such further engagement, he will from that date receive an additional penny a day.

“7. After the soldier has completed twenty-one years' service he is discharged with a pension for life.

“8. During the time of his service he has the advantage of school instruction, reading and recreation rooms, and outdoor games.

“9. The usual periods of service abroad are so arranged that the

soldier has an intermediate period of home service, and these changes enable him to see something of the world, and give him an interest in his profession.

"10. In short, the soldier has the advantage, if he conduct himself well, of being well cared for, sufficiently paid, and at the end of his time provided with a subsistence; besides receiving a distinguishing medal, showing his sovereign's approbation of his having done his duty well and faithfully to his country.

"No labouring man, and very few workmen, can feel sure of greater advantages than these now held out to the good soldier, especially as regards the three important items of lodging, food, and clothing.

"(Signed)

W. PAULET, A.G.

"Horse Guards,

"24th October, 1867."

The statement in Article 1, as regards the soldier's pay, is a very moderate one. The infantry man, whose pay is the lowest in the service, has three shillings and sixpence per week after he has paid for his rations; and thus the circular-writer gives off a shilling per week to cover kit charges, barrack damages, and all other deductions, a sum which, in the experience of every reasonably careful soldier, is abundance and to spare. The fact that the two-and-sixpence, put down as the weekly minimum clearance, is really below that minimum, bears out the belief that the writer has desired to state his case as fairly as possible. Nevertheless, this offhand way of putting it gets rid in a very summary style of a variety of aggravating questions as to deductions from full pay for under-clothing, the insufficiency of the present ration, the badness of barrack accommodation, and others. The private soldier never can tell to-day what his to-morrow's pay will be. A heedless captain at a kit inspection may order him a new article of under-clothing when the old one is still very decent; a dull morning may impair the brightness of his jacket, and down goes his name for a new one beyond the power of remonstrance. On the subject of rations, the mischief has always been that the question as regards sufficiency or the reverse has invariably been addressed to old soldiers. Their reply is always in the affirmative, for the double reason that they hanker after more money rather than more food, with a shrewd eye to beer; and that the existing ration has really, through custom, become enough for them. If the recruit were questioned, he would give another answer. Where does the greater part of his pay go for the first year after he joins? To the canteen, to buy bread and cheese and other substantials. In process of time, however, probably under able tuition, he finds out that a penny spent in beer satisfies the appetite very nearly as well as twopence invested in bread and cheese; and by-and-by he comes to invest all his spare pence in beer, when the ration becomes quite sufficient for him. Then, as regards the item of "lodgings," there is great scope for the barrack-

room being made more comfortable. It is almost always overcrowded; except in new barracks, the ventilation is uniformly bad; where there is no gas, the lighting is wretched in the extreme; the allowance of fuel is far from liberal; and it might be a question whether the barrack department might not accord a suitable supply of crockery ware, instead of leaving the troops to the casual offerings of the old women who collect the scraps and potato-peelings for pig-feeding purposes. These questions, however, and others, are blinked with no little skill by the offhand statement in the article referred to.

"2. After three years' service, if his conduct be good, he further increases that sum by sevenpence a week, and again in every successive five years."

This is perfectly true, but the good-conduct pay is plagiarily precarious. Any punishment over seven days' pack-drill forfeits it, and in the absence of any penal code, a commanding officer can impose any punishment he pleases for any offence the most trivial. I have known a man lose his "ring" for three hours' absence, and also for that curious crime, "dumb insolence." Another man, whose sergeant-major puts in a good word for him, gets off with a reprimand or a trivial punishment for a like offence. In the Guards, I believe, there is a sort of bye-law, the operation of which is, that a man is sentenced to an hour's pack-drill for every hour he is absent. This is a step at least toward the establishment of a penal code; but in line regiments the punishments for offences not thought deserving of a court-martial are entirely arbitrary, and the commanding officer has practically an unlimited discretionary power. It is hardly safe for the soldier to reckon on his good-conduct pay in calculating his income.

"3. If the soldier should qualify himself, he will be before long promoted, and thereby receive further remuneration."

The chief point is, What constitutes the qualification? Without question a great many men are deservedly promoted from the ranks. But there are some men who will never gain a grade, no matter how they try. A man may be barely ugly enough to be rejected by the recruiting officer, and yet may be too ugly ever to be anything beyond a private, no matter how deserving a soldier he may be. A good figure is, perhaps rightly so, an indispensable passport to the stripes. But no one acquainted with the matter will maintain for a moment that personal qualifications, either bodily or mental, constitute the sole basis upon which our system of promotion is founded. The colour-sergeant of an infantry company or the sergeant-major of a cavalry troop has necessarily, and no doubt properly, immense influence with their respective captains; and the captain's good word, again, is paramount with the colonel as regards promotion from the ranks. Now in every company and troop there are fellows who strive to recommend themselves to their non-commissioned superior by a sedulous system of abject toadyism. They fetch and carry for him;

they act as his spies and talebearers; they curry favour with him in an endless variety of ways. If they are scholars, they write up his books. If physical efforts are their forte, they empty pails and ash-buckets and fetch water and coals for his wife. As a result, when the captain asks him to point out a good man for promotion, what is more natural than that he should be ready with the name of his toady? And so many a man gets promotion who would never wear the stripes if it were not for back-stairs influence. What soldier does not know the meaning of the term, "an adjutant's corporal?" The adjutant in most regiments has risen from the ranks. Many are thoroughly conscientious and sterling men; but many too are within the reach of certain influences. A box or two of game or country-produce from a soldier's friend to an accessible adjutant will often work extraordinary miracles in the way of smoothing the road to non-commissioned rank. Premising that I am ready, if guaranteed against the results of a court-martial for the heinous crime of writing for the press, to give real names and clear proof in every case I particularise, I may allude to a case of this nature which, among others, came under my own observation. The illegitimate son of a gentleman of position in the black country joined a cavalry regiment. His father was anxious to see him promoted, and sent frequent presents to the adjutant of the corps. The lad was a very poor soldier, and was so self-willed that he was frequently in collision with the non-commissioned officers of his troop. These were strong arguments against according him the desired promotion. At length the adjutant received an invitation to visit the father. He went for a week, and a few days after he returned the lad was read out corporal. His after-career was not flattering to the adjutant's discretion, for he was summarily discharged not long after to avoid the slander of a trial for disgraceful conduct. A young Irishman joined a dragoon regiment in Dublin. He was a mere lad, and a very silly one to boot; but his father, a considerable landed proprietor, had excellent shooting on his estate. The captain of the troop for which the young fellow was drawn, by some curious coincidence, became very intimate with the senior, and his gun did considerable execution among the Irish squire's covers and lea-lands. Strange to say, the son was made corporal in the middle of the shooting-season, and at seventeen he was in command of men who had as many years' service. There are very few soldiers who cannot recount cases of a like nature.

Reverting to the example of the Guards once more, I am given to understand that in them there exists a certain system of competitive examination for non-commissioned rank, for which any man whose character is good may enter. It would be invidious, as well as subversive of the oligarchical power and responsibility on which the discipline of a regiment is mainly based, were the discretionary power to promote, within certain defined limits, to be withheld from its com-

manding officer. Yet some modification of the plan in vogue in the Guards would be productive of the happiest results, both as a stimulus to men to qualify for proving themselves deserving of promotion through the medium of an examination, and also in the way of keeping down the monopoly of arbitrary recommendation vested in subordinate officers.

But supposing that a man wears the stripes after having legitimately earned them, he is not always the most enviable of soldiers. There is a period of probation for him, in which he only enjoys "lance" rank. While he is in this position he does full non-commissioned officer's duty, but receives not a fraction of additional pay. He incurs many necessary expenses, which he has to defray out of private's pay if he be a "lance" corporal, and out of corporal's pay if he be a "lance" sergeant. In the latter case he is really to be pitied, for he has to join the sergeants' mess, and when he has paid his contribution to it he is poorer than the poorest private. The patriarch served a long time for his wife, but then Laban was a rogue; the British nation has surely no wish to be included in the same category, and might well give "lance" non-commissioned officers something at least to cover their expenses out of pocket.

Again, it is puzzling to know on what grounds a man who is made sergeant is compelled to renounce his good-conduct pay. While he is corporal he wears the rings and draws the pence; the moment the third stripe goes on his arm he forfeits both. Thus the soldier who, after long years of faithful service in the ranks, obtains tardy promotion, is put on a level with the jackanapes who puts his foot on the ladder of promotion the moment he has done with recruit's drill.

There is yet another anomaly to be noticed in connection with the non-commissioned officers of the British army. The navy who has been pushed into a foreman's place, if he does not like it, may resign, and take up the spade and pickaxe again without necessarily blemishing his character. I believe there is a rule against a bishop giving up his diocese, and going back to his quiet country rectory again, should he wish to do so; and the sergeant is like the bishop. The soldier who is once made a non-commissioned officer cannot resign the stripes at his mere will, and go back into the ranks. The sense of responsibility may be burdensome to him; he may feel overweighted by the duties of his new sphere; but it is not permitted to him to obtain relief by the simple process of going back whence he sprung. He is bound to his rank indissolubly, unless he chooses to get rid of it through the sentence of a court-martial. He is compelled to commit himself, and be formally reduced by court-martial, before he can escape from a position which he may feel a false one. Now a court-martial, even if it entails no further punishment than the loss of the stripes, is always a blot on a man, and it destroys his chance of obtaining a medal for meritorious conduct. Surely it is a mis-

take to force a man to be guilty of an offence before he can resign a position which he may find on trial to be distasteful, or for which he may feel himself unsuited.

No allusion is made here to the remote chance which exists of the non-commissioned officer obtaining a commission. So long as the purchase system remains in force, the boon is one of a very problematical nature. The young soldier who mounts the ladder rapidly, and obtains a commission while yet in his heyday, owes his promotion, at least in peace time, almost invariably to the exertions of influential friends; and the influence which has availed to push him forward thus far is, for the most part, available still further in the shape of a suitable allowance, and the wherewithal to purchase higher grades. For him who obtains a commission as the reward of a lengthened period of non-commissioned service, the step in rank, putting him as it does in a false position, is too often the very opposite of a boon. From being, as the principal non-commissioned officer of his regiment, respected and self-respecting,—the cock, so to speak, of the regimental dunghill,—he becomes, if he would retain his integrity, a sour, pinched, poverty-bitten cornet or ensign, without the hope of rising higher save by a lucky death vacancy. If he is more accommodating to circumstances, he becomes the hungry jackal, and too often the butt of the young swells of the mess-room, willing to submit to be jeered at,—made a contemptuous convenience of for the sake of certain crumbs which fall from the table of the opulent young sprigs of quality. Many a time, doubtless, especially if he be a married man, does he wish himself out of his incongruous position, back into his sergeant-major's jacket again. Then he was somebody. Now he is nobody.

“4. When sick, he has good medical advice, with every comfort.”

On this point there is room for considerable divergence of opinion. That within the last ten years there has been a marked amelioration in the sanitary arrangements, and in the nursing and diet departments of military hospitals, is happily beyond question. But it is matter for grave doubt whether the skill of the rank and file of the army medical officers has improved in the due ratio corresponding to the advance of medical science in the civilian world. It may be well to write plainly on this matter. A private soldier is hardly in a position to generalise on such a topic as this; and I shall feel surer of my ground if I write solely of what has come under my own personal observation. So far then as this extends during a lengthened period of service, my experience of army surgeons prompts me to divide them into four classes. First, able but careless men. Secondly, plodding careful men, who are obsolete and incapable. Thirdly, incapables, who unite carelessness with incapacity. Fourthly, able men, who are likewise careful and earnest;—and this last class form a minority as compared with any of the others. Perhaps the simplest way to

illustrate the several peculiarities of these various classes is to detail a case or two of which I am personally cognizant, and in corroboration of which I can adduce proof.

A man went one morning to a regimental hospital complaining of stricture of the urethra. The surgeon in charge admitted him. This gentleman was a proved able medical man, but he seldom spent more than twenty minutes per day in the hospital. His hobby was to hunt every day of the week with a stud consisting of two screws, and he used to run into the hospital in the morning in full hunting costume, and bustle round the wards in a hurry to get to the cover side in time. He took no steps to discover the seat of this patient's disease by means of instruments, prescribed tinct. ferri sesquichlor., and in a fortnight discharged him to his duty. The man was no better. He stuck to his work for some time, but was compelled through increasing distress again to resort to the hospital. This time the assistant surgeon of the regiment was in charge, an example of Class 4. He used instruments to advantage, and the man was on the high road to cure, when the officer went on a month's leave. A substitute then entered on the scene, a specimen of Class 8, both incapable and careless. He stigmatised the soldier as a malingerer, and peremptorily discharged him from hospital. The poor fellow returned to his duty and went on a long march to another station, but, utterly unable to continue a soldier, had to seek the hospital a third time. He was now becoming a nuisance, so without any pretence at curative efforts his name was put down on the invaliding list; and until the board should sit he was allowed to vegetate in hospital without any treatment. In course of time he went up before the invaliding board, a farce of investigating his condition was enacted, and his discharge papers were signed. In his hearing one of the three wiseacres composing the board remarked that his case was hopeless, and that he would not survive many months; while another contended that a cure was practicable through the media of caustic-tipped instruments, and quiescent recumbency for months;—a method exploded forty years ago. The discharged man came straight to a London hospital. A simple operation cured him radically in a fortnight, and he was discharged as well as ever he was in his life, with an offer on the part of the civilian surgeon to pay his expenses to visit his late regiment in order that he might exhibit himself to the gentlemen who had invalided him.

A young roughrider sprained his ankle jumping from a horse, and was carried to hospital. The swelling was great, and the surgeon who attended him,—an example of Class 2,—shook his head and waited for it to subside. Day after day, week after week, did he come and gaze helplessly on the "luxation," till at length the young fellow, who was sick of inaction, applied for a "sick furlough," and went to a civilian infirmary. The distinguished surgeons there told

him they could do nothing for him. It was, he was informed, but a simple dislocation, but the socket of the joint had filled up with cartilage, and he was hopelessly lame for life. The once smart young roughrider is now a limping potboy at a Hoxton public-house.

A man went into hospital with an eruption on the head and face. For months he remained undergoing a variety of treatments, changed on an average once a week. He got no better, but rather worse. At last, in despair, he adopted a unique course. He wrote to London for a certain little book, the production of a surgeon to a West End skin-disease infirmary, which advocates the exhibition of arsenic in almost all disorders of this type. This tome he bluntly presented to the military surgeon, who took it with wonderfully good grace. Next morning the man was on liquor pot. arsenitis, and in three months he was cured. An epidemic of skin disease broke out shortly after in the regiment, which was wholly cured by this medicine; and the enterprising private who sent his half-crown to the London bookseller was reckoned a public benefactor. But for years arsenic has been an acknowledged specific in certain classes of skin disorders, and surely an ignorance of the fact did not argue much for the endeavours of the army surgeon to keep abreast of the times.

The subject of pensions to men invalided while the term of their service is yet incomplete naturally occurs in this connection. These are both very small in amount, and the principle on which they are allocated seems faulty as well as ill-defined. The man whose case is mentioned above as discharged incurable from stricture received sixpence a day for six months, notwithstanding he had several years' good service, was to all appearance utterly incapacitated from earning a livelihood, and that the origin of his disorder was distinctly attributable to the horse exercise of a dragoon. The roughrider had, I believe, eightpence a day for three years. Such a case as the latter was surely deserving of a life-pension. The basis on which invaliding pensions are assigned is,—so far as I can understand it, reasoning from results, personal character, and length of service,—irrespective altogether of the nature of the origin of the disease under which the invalid is suffering. Surely this is an erroneous principle. The man whose disease is attributable to acts of his own,—as a large proportion, unfortunately, of the private soldier's are,—or which is the "act of God," to which he would have been equally liable in civilian life, ought not to have a claim to rank on equal terms with him whose incapacity accrues by reason of disease incurred "in and by the service;"—that is, having an origin distinctly traceable to military causes. Among the latter fall to be included not only injuries, such as kicks and falls from horses, hernia in the dragoon, and all accidents not the result of carelessness, but also angina pectoris traceable to the pressure of the knapsack, bronchial affections arising from exposure to night duties, and so on. Tho

technical phrase, "in and by the service," ought to be the watchword of every invalid pension board, taking, of course, into consideration character and length of service. At present the two latter seem to be the governing influences, if, indeed, it can be said that any governing influence exists at all.

"5. After twelve years' service he can leave the army."

It is something irresistibly comic to find inserted in the midst of a list of the boons which make the lot of the private soldier such an enviable one, the quaint announcement that he is at liberty to forego them all, and throw up his profession in the prime of his life, as a sort of crowning advantage. Just as if one were to write a book recounting the delights of human existence, which should culminate in the words, "And the best of it is, there is no law against committing suicide." However, the veracity of the assertion is unquestionable. The mischief is, the "can" cuts two ways. The soldier may, indeed, of his free will terminate his engagement at the expiry of twelve years; but then, too, the army authorities can terminate it for him against his will. He may have spent and been spent in the service till his twelfth year is up, and then, because he is unfit for further service, he may be turned adrift without so much as thanks. If he be medically unfit at the expiry of twelve years, he goes away without the temporary pension he would have been entitled to had he become so in the third or fourth year of his service. Nay, there is frequently much ingenuity manifested in keeping a "done" man hanging on till his full time is up, rather than invalid him in his tenth or eleventh year with a temporary pension. The economy is ludicrously fallacious, for it is obvious that an inefficient drawing full pay in the service costs the country more than the value of his pension; but the plan keeps down the pension-roll, and is habitually in use. Surely, if a man is willing to "take on" again for a second term at the expiry of his first, and is debarred from doing so by medical unfitness, provided that unfitness results "in and by the service," he should be held to be entitled to something more than an empty congé.

"6. After the first eight years' service, should he feel inclined, he may give notice of his wish to remain twenty-one years as a soldier, and if permitted by his commanding officer to enter into such further engagement, he will from that date receive an additional penny a day."

Whoever invented this device knew the private soldier to the backbone. He is not prone to re-inlist on the expiry of his twelve years, if we wait till then before we ask him. He wants to go and see the world outside the barracks, and, knowing that to-morrow he will be free to do so, the blandishments of the colonel and adjutant fall unheeded on his ear. But get at him with good arguments while he has yet four years to serve. Perhaps he is on short pay, and the

additional penny proffered is a strong temptation. Essentially the reverse of a prospective man, he argues thus:—"I may be dead before my four years are up, or a thousand things may happen. Four years are a long look forward, and this present penny is a tangible consideration." So he clenches the bargain. There is intense acuteness in the device, but it is quite legitimate; and the Horse Guards are to be congratulated on the marked success which has crowned their astuteness.

"7. After the soldier has completed twenty-one years' service, he is discharged with a pension for life."

Under this head falls to be noticed an incidental hardship which is creating much discontent in cavalry regiments. Prior to a warrant issued on, I think, the 1st of June, 1866, the cavalry soldier's full term of service was twenty-four years, in two equal portions of twelve years. At that date the second period was shortened to nine years, making the complement twenty-one years; and all cavalry soldiers whose first term of service was then unexpired were at liberty to re-engage for the shorter period. The warrant was only prospective, and had no retrospective effect. Now, let us assume that two men, Bill Bridoon and Jack Martingale, enlisted in the month of May, 1851. Honest Bridoon soldiers along steadily, never loses a day, and completes his period of service in the month of May, 1863. He has taken on again on the old Act, and,—untouched by the operation of the new warrant,—has to complete a second period of twelve years, which will end in May, 1875. Martingale, again, is a bad lot,—deserts and is recaptured, spends months in jail, and, in fine, has lost three years and one month's service ere his first term is completed. Thus,—having to make up the lost service,—it is not finished till the month of June, 1866, when the rascal is within the scope of the new warrant, triumphantly re-enlists for the shorter period of nine years, and becomes entitled to his pension with but twenty-one years' good service on the very day honest Bridoon can claim his, after his twenty-four years' uninterrupted good conduct. Suppose, again, my first term of service expired on the 31st day of May, 1866. If I re-engaged, I must have done so for twelve more years; whereas my chum, whose first term of service did not expire till one day later, might have re-engaged for the shorter period of nine years, and thus would become entitled to his life-pension three years before me. In the former of these cases a positive premium is given on bad conduct; in the latter a hardship is certainly involved. Were the terms of the warrant alluded to amended so as to have at least a modified retrospective effect, the arrangement would be hailed as a great boon in all our cavalry regiments.

There is nothing to be said upon Articles 8 and 9. Article 10 is chiefly recapitulatory, and demands little comment, although there might be a difference of opinion as to the nature of the "subsistence"

derivable from one shilling and a penny per day, which is the maximum pension of the private soldier.

In the concluding remarks of the circular, "No labouring man, and very few workmen, can feel sure of greater advantages than those now held out to the good soldier, especially as regards the three important items of lodgings, food, and clothing," would lie the pith of the whole question, providing the soldier and "the labouring man and workman" were on an even keel. But are they? I put out of view in the comparison the off-chance which the soldier risks of being made a live target of. The civilian is indeed amenable to the vicissitudes of trade, and may be hard put to it when times are bad; but then he is open to all the advantages of the rebound. He can marry when he pleases, and have a home of his own, "wi' a' his bairns aboot him," as the Scotch song says. When he has earned his wages, he has no centurion perpetually saying to him, "Do this," so that he must do it. He may rise beyond the sphere he was born to; he may shift his quarters at discretion; he may emigrate if he sees a chance; he is essentially a free Briton;—and if he comes to the worst, he can still enlist. It is engrafted into the very core of the soldier's life that he shall not be for one moment a free agent. His bread may be certain and his cup secure; but they have not the sweet flavour imparted by a man's working for his own hand. Let optimists and Utopians say what they will, the private soldier, except when the joy-bells are ringing for victory, is still a social pariah in the homes of merry England. I have tried it and know it. The red-jacket, with a spark of sensitiveness, feels bitterly every day the truth of what I write. Your citizen will throw him a glass of ale, and put a few half-pitying, half-contemptuous questions to him while he drinks it; but will he dream of taking him into the bosom of his family? To be just, the fault may lie at the soldier's door; but the fact stands, and ought to go in the scale when a balance is being taken. Then, where is the soldier's privacy? Were I not on furlough now, under what circumstances should I be writing this article,—if, indeed, the undertaking were a practicable one at all? A fellow might be howling a "blue" song at my ear; a couple might be engaged in a lively wrestling match in my immediate rear; while another man would probably be cleaning a pair of spurs on the common form, and the jar would not conduce to an improvement in my caligraphy. Talk of the soldier's "home!" If he is single, it is Bedlam; if he is married, it is hell. But I put the latter hypothesis out of view altogether. The man who marries in the service, as the arrangements for married couples are now constituted, insults manhood and outrages womanhood. The comparison between the life of the soldier and that of the civilian must not be wholly based on a pounds-shillings-and-pence estimate, or even on the "three important items of lodgings, food, and clothing."

PHINEAS FINN, THE IRISH MEMBER.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE WILLINGFORD BULL.

PHINEAS left London by a night mail train on Easter Sunday, and found himself at the Willingford Bull about half an hour after midnight. Lord Chiltern was up and waiting for him, and supper was on the table. The Willingford Bull was an English inn of the old stamp, which had now, in these latter years of railway travelling, ceased to have a road business,—for there were no travellers on the road, and but little posting,—but had acquired a new trade as a *dépôt* for hunters and hunting men. The landlord let out horses and kept hunting stables, and the house was generally filled from the beginning of November till the middle of April. Then it became a desert in the summer, and no guests were seen there, till the pink coats flocked down again into the shires.

"How many days do you mean to give us?" said Lord Chiltern, as he helped his friend to a devilled leg of a turkey.

"I must go back on Wednesday," said Phineas.

"That means Wednesday night. I'll tell you what we'll do. We've the Cottesmore to-morrow. We'll get into Tailby's country on Tuesday, and Fitzwilliam will be only twelve miles off on Wednesday. We shall be rather short of horses."

"Pray don't let me put you out. I can hire something here, I suppose?"

"You won't put me out at all. There'll be three between us each day, and we'll run our luck. The horses have gone on to Empingham for to-morrow. Tailby is rather a way off,—at Somerby; but we'll manage it. If the worst comes to the worst, we can get back to Stamford by rail. On Wednesday we shall have everything very comfortable. They're out beyond Stilton and will draw home our way. I've planned it all out. I've a trap with a fast stepper, and if we start to-morrow at half-past nine, we shall be in plenty of time. You shall ride Meg Merriles, and if she don't carry you, you may shoot her."

"Is she one of the pulling ones?"

"She is heavy in hand if you are heavy at her, but leave her mouth alone and she'll go like flowing water. You'd better not ride more in a crowd than you can help. Now, what'll you drink?"

They sat up half the night smoking and talking, and Phineas

learned more about Lord Chiltern than than ever he had learned before. There was brandy and water before them, but neither of them drank. Lord Chiltern, indeed, had a pint of beer by his side from which he sipped occasionally. "I've taken to beer," he said, "as being the best drink going. When a man hunts six days a week he can afford to drink beer. I'm on an allowance,—three pints a day. That's not too much?"

"And you drink nothing else?"

"Nothing when I'm alone,—except a little cherry-brandy when I'm out. I never cared for drink;—never in my life. I do like excitement, and have been less careful than I ought to have been as to what it has come from. I could give up drink to-morrow, without a struggle,—if it were worth my while to make up my mind to do it. And it's the same with gambling. I never do gamble now, because I've got no money; but I own I like it better than anything in the world. While you are at it, there is life in it."

"You should take to politics, Chiltern."

"And I would have done so, but my father would not help me. Never mind, we will not talk about him. How does Laura get on with her husband?"

"Very happily, I should say."

"I don't believe it," said Lord Chiltern. "Her temper is too much like mine to allow her to be happy with such a log of wood as Robert Kennedy. It is such men as he who drive me out of the pale of decent life. If that is decency, I'd sooner be indecent. You mark my words. They'll come to grief. She'll never be able to stand it."

"I should think she had her own way in everything," said Phineas.

"No, no. Though he's a prig, he's a man; and she will not find it easy to drive him."

"But she may bend him."

"Not an inch;—that is if I understand his character. I suppose you see a good deal of them?"

"Yes,—pretty well. I'm not there so often as I used to be in the Square."

"You get sick of it, I suppose. I should. Do you see my father often?"

"Only occasionally. He is always very civil when I do see him."

"He is the very pink of civility when he pleases, but the most unjust man I ever met."

"I should not have thought that."

"Yes, he is," said the Earl's son, "and all from lack of judgment to discern the truth. He makes up his mind to a thing on insufficient proof, and then nothing will turn him. He thinks well of you,—would probably believe your word on any indifferent subject without thought of a doubt; but if you were to tell him that I didn't get drunk every night of my life and spend most of my time in thrashing

policemen, he would not believe you. He would smile incredulously and make you a little bow. I can see him do it."

"You are too hard on him, Chiltern."

"He has been too hard on me, I know. Is Violet Effingham still in Grosvenor Place?"

"No; she's with Lady Baldock."

"That old grandmother of evil has come to town,—has she? Poor Violet! When we were young together we used to have such fun about that old woman."

"The old woman is an ally of mine now," said Phineas.

"You make allies everywhere. You know Violet Effingham, of course?"

"Oh yes. I know her."

"Don't you think her very charming," said Lord Chiltern.

"Exceedingly charming."

"I have asked that girl to marry me three times, and I shall never ask her again. There is a point beyond which a man shouldn't go. There are many reasons why it would be a good marriage. In the first place, her money would be serviceable. Then it would heal matters in our family, for my father is as prejudiced in her favour as he is against me. And I love her dearly. I've loved her all my life,—since I used to buy cakes for her. But I shall never ask her again."

"I would if I were you," said Phineas,—hardly knowing what it might be best for him to say.

"No; I never will. But I'll tell you what. I shall get into some desperate scrape about her. Of course she'll marry, and that soon. Then I shall make a fool of myself. When I hear that she is engaged I shall go and quarrel with the man, and kick him,—or get kicked. All the world will turn against me, and I shall be called a wild beast."

"A dog in the manger is what you should be called."

"Exactly;—but how is a man to help it? If you loved a girl, could you see another man take her?" Phineas remembered of course that he had lately come through this ordeal. "It is as though he were to come and put his hand upon me, and wanted my own heart out of me. Though I have no property in her at all, no right to her,—though she never gave me a word of encouragement, it is as though she were the most private thing in the world to me. I should be half mad, and in my madness I could not master the idea that I was being robbed. I should resent it as a personal interference."

"I suppose it will come to that if you give her up yourself," said Phineas.

"It is no question of giving up. Of course I cannot make her marry me. Light another cigar, old fellow."

Phineas, as he lit the other cigar, remembered that he owed a certain duty in this matter to Lady Laura. She had commissioned him to

persuade her brother that his suit with Violet Effingham would not be hopeless, if he could only restrain himself in his mode of conducting it. Phineas was disposed to do his duty, although he felt it to be very hard that he should be called upon to be eloquent against his own interest. He had been thinking for the last quarter of an hour how he must bear himself if it might turn out that he should be the man whom Lord Chiltern was resolved to kick. He looked at his friend and host, and became aware that a kicking-match with such a one would not be pleasant pastime. Nevertheless, he would be happy enough to be subject to Lord Chiltern's wrath for such a reason. He would do his duty by Lord Chiltern; and then, when that had been adequately done, he would, if occasion served, fight a battle for himself.

"You are too sudden with her, Chiltern," he said, after a pause.

"What do you mean by too sudden?" said Lord Chiltern, almost angrily.

"You frighten her by being so impetuous. You rush at her as though you wanted to conquer her by a single blow."

"So I do."

"You should be more gentle with her. You should give her time to find out whether she likes you or not."

"She has known me all her life, and has found that out long ago. Not but what you are right. I know you are right. Only you can't alter a man's nature. If I were you, and had your skill in pleasing, I should drop soft words into her ear till I had caught her. But I have no gifts in that way. I am as awkward as a pig at what is called flirting. And I have an accursed pride which stands in my own light. If she were in this house this moment, and if I knew she were to be had for asking, I don't think I could bring myself to ask again. But we'll go to bed. It's half-past two, and we must be off at half-past nine, if we're to be at Exton Park gates at eleven."

Phineas, as he went upstairs, assured himself that he had done his duty. If there ever should come to be anything between him and Violet Effingham, Lord Chiltern might quarrel with him,—might probably attempt that kicking encounter to which allusion had been made,—but nobody could justly say that he had not behaved honourably to his friend.

On the next morning there was a bustle and a scurry, as there always is on such occasions, and the two men got off about ten minutes after time. But Lord Chiltern drove hard, and they reached the meet before the master had moved off. They had a fair day's sport with the Cottessmore; and Phineas, though he found that Meg Merriles did require a good deal of riding, went through his day's work with credit. He had been riding since he was a child, as is the custom with all boys in Munster, and had an Irishman's natural aptitude for jumping. When they got back to the Willingford Bull he felt pleased with the day and rather proud of himself. "It wasn't fast, you know," said Chiltern, "and I don't call that a stiff country.

Besides, Meg is very handy when you've got her out of the crowd. You shall ride Bonebreaker to-morrow at Somerby, and you'll find that better fun."

"Bonebreaker? Haven't I heard you say he rushes like mischief?"

"Well, he does rush. But, by George! you want a horse to rush in that country. When you have to go right through four or five feet of stiff green wood, like a bullet through a target, you want a little force, or you're apt to be left up a tree."

"And what do you ride?"

"A brute I never put my leg on yet. He was sent down to Wilcox here, out of Lincolnshire, because they couldn't get anybody to ride him there. They say he goes with his head up in the air, and won't look at a fence that isn't as high as his breast. But I think he'll do here. I never saw a better made beast, or one with more power. Do you look at his shoulders. He's to be had for seventy pounds, and these are the sort of horses I like to buy."

Again they dined alone, and Lord Chiltern explained to Phineas that he rarely associated with the men of either of the hunts in which he rode. "There is a set of fellows down here who are poison to me, and there is another set, and I am poison to them. Everybody is very civil, as you see, but I have no associates. And gradually I am getting to have a reputation as though I were the devil himself. I think I shall come out next year dressed entirely in black."

"Are you not wrong to give way to that kind of thing?"

"What the deuce am I to do? I can't make civil little speeches. When once a man gets a reputation as an ogre, it is the most difficult thing in the world to drop it. I could have a score of men here every day if I liked it,—my title would do that for me;—but they would be men I should loathe, and I should be sure to tell them so, even though I did not mean it. Bonebreaker, and the new horse, and another, went on at twelve to-day. You must expect hard work to-morrow, as I daresay we shan't be home before eight."

The next day's meet was in Leicestershire, not far from Melton, and they started early. Phineas, to tell the truth of him, was rather afraid of Bonebreaker, and looked forward to the probability of an accident. He had neither wife nor child, and nobody had a better right to risk his neck. "We'll put a gag on 'im," said the groom, "and you'll ride 'im in a ring,—so that you may wellnigh break his jaw; but he is a rum un, sir." "I'll do my best," said Phineas. "He'll take all that," said the groom. "Just let him have his own way at everything," said Lord Chiltern, as they moved away from the meet to Pickwell Gorse; "and if you'll only sit on his back, he'll carry you through as safe as a church." Phineas could not help thinking that the counsels of the master and of the groom were very different. "My idea is," continued Lord Chiltern, "that in hunting you should always avoid a crowd. I don't think a horse is worth riding that

will go in a crowd. It's just like yachting ;—you should have plenty of sea-room. If you're to pull your horse up at every fence till somebody else is over, I think you'd better come out on a donkey." And so they went away to Pickwell Gorse.

There were over two hundred men out, and Phineas began to think that it might not be so easy to get out of the crowd. A crowd in a fast run no doubt quickly becomes small by degrees and beautifully less ; but it is very difficult, especially for a stranger, to free himself from the rush at the first start. Lord Chiltern's horse plunged about so violently, as they stood on a little hill-side looking down upon the cover, that he was obliged to take him to a distance, and Phineas followed him. "If he breaks down wind," said Lord Chiltern, "we can't be better than we are here. If he goes up wind, he must turn before long, and we shall be all right." As he spoke an old hound opened true and sharp,—an old hound whom all the pack believed,—and in a moment there was no doubt that the fox had been found. "There are not above eight or nine acres in it," said Lord Chiltern, "and he can't hang long. Did you ever see such an uneasy brute as this in your life ? But I feel certain he'll go well when he gets away."

Phineas was too much occupied with his own horse to think much of that on which Lord Chiltern was mounted. Bonebreaker, the very moment that he heard the old hound's note, stretched out his head, and put his mouth upon the bit, and began to tremble in every muscle. "He's a great deal more anxious for it than you and I are," said Lord Chiltern. "I see they've given you that gag. But don't you ride him on it till he wants it. Give him lots of room, and he'll go in the snaffle." All which caution made Phineas think that any insurance office would charge very dear on his life at the present moment.

The fox took two rings of the gorse, and then he went,—up wind. "It's not a vixen, I'll swear," said Lord Chiltern. "A vixen in cub never went away like that yet. Now then, Finn, my boy, keep to the right." And Lord Chiltern, with the horse out of Lincolnshire, went away across the brow of the hill, leaving the hounds to the left, and selected, as his point of exit into the next field, a stiff rail, which, had there been an accident, must have put a very wide margin of ground between the rider and his horse. "Go hard at your fences, and then you'll fall clear," he had said to Phineas. I don't think, however, that he would have ridden at the rail as he did, but that there was no help for him. "The brute began in his own way, and carried on after in the same fashion all through," he said afterwards. Phineas took the fence a little lower down, and what it was at which he rode he never knew. Bonebreaker sailed over it, whatever it was, and he soon found himself by his friend's side.

The ruck of the men were lower down than our two heroes, and there were others far away to the left, and others, again, who had

been at the end of the gorse, and were now behind. Our friends were not near the hounds, not within two fields of them, but the hounds were below them, and therefore could be seen. "Don't be in a hurry, and they'll be round upon us," Lord Chiltern said. "How the deuce is one to help being in a hurry?" said Phineas, who was doing his very best to ride Bonebreaker with the snaffle, but had already begun to feel that Bonebreaker cared nothing for that weak instrument. "By George, I should like to change with you," said Lord Chiltern. The Lincolnshire horse was going along with his head very low, boring as he galloped, but throwing his neck up at his fences, just when he ought to have kept himself steady. After this, though Phineas kept near Lord Chiltern throughout the run, they were not again near enough to exchange words; and, indeed, they had but little breath for such purpose.

Lord Chiltern rode still a little in advance, and Phineas, knowing his friend's partiality for solitude when taking his fences, kept a little to his left. He began to find that Bonebreaker knew pretty well what he was about. As for not using the gag rein, that was impossible. When a horse puts out what strength he has against a man's arm, a man must put out what strength he has against the horse's mouth. But Bonebreaker was cunning, and had had a gag rein on before. He contracted his lip here, and bent out his jaw there, till he had settled it to his mind, and then went away after his own fashion. He seemed to have a passion for smashing through big, high-grown ox-fences, and by degrees his rider came to feel that if there was nothing worse coming, the fun was not bad.

The fox ran up wind for a couple of miles or so, as Lord Chiltern had prophesied, and then turned,—not to the right, as would best have served him and Phineas, but to the left,—so that they were forced to make their way through the ruck of horses before they could place themselves again. Phineas found himself crossing a road, in and out of it, before he knew where he was, and for a while he lost sight of Lord Chiltern. But in truth he was leading now, whereas Lord Chiltern had led before. The two horses having been together all the morning, and on the previous day, were willing enough to remain in company, if they were allowed to do so. They both crossed the road, not very far from each other, going in and out amidst a crowd of horses, and before long were again placed well, now having the hunt on their right, whereas hitherto it had been on their left. They went over large pasture fields, and Phineas began to think that as long as Bonebreaker would be able to go through the thick grown-up hedges, all would be right. Now and again he came to a cut fence, a fence that had been cut and laid, and these were not so pleasant. Force was not sufficient for them, and they admitted of a mistake. But the horse, though he would rush at them unpleasantly, took them when they came without touching them. It might be all right yet,—unless

the beast should tire with him; and then, Phineas thought, a misfortune might probably occur. He remembered, as he flew over one such impediment, that he rode a stone heavier than his friend. At the end of forty-five minutes Bonebreaker also might become aware of the fact.

The hounds were running well in sight to their right, and Phineas began to feel some of that pride which a man indulges when he becomes aware that he has taken his place comfortably, has left the squad behind, and is going well. There were men nearer the hounds than he was, but he was near enough even for ambition. There had already been enough of the run to make him sure that it would be a "good thing," and enough to make him aware also that probably it might be too good. When a run is over, men are very apt to regret the termination, who a minute or two before were anxiously longing that the hounds might pull down their game. To finish well is everything in hunting. To have led for over an hour is nothing, let the pace and country have been what they might, if you fall away during the last half mile. Therefore it is that those behind hope that the fox may make this or that cover, while the forward men long to see him turned over in every field. To ride to hounds is very glorious; but to have ridden to hounds is more glorious still. They had now crossed another road, and a larger one, and had got into a somewhat closer country. The fields were not so big, and the fences were not so high. Phineas got a moment to look about him, and saw Lord Chiltern riding without his cap. He was very red in the face, and his eyes seemed to glare, and he was tugging at his horse with all his might. But the animal seemed still to go with perfect command of strength, and Phineas had too much work on his own hands to think of offering Quixotic assistance to any one else. He saw some one, a farmer, as he thought, speak to Lord Chiltern as they rode close together; but Chiltern only shook his head and pulled at his horse.

There were brooks in those parts. The river Eye forms itself thereabouts, or some of its tributaries do so; and these tributaries, though small as rivers, are considerable to men on one side who are called by the exigencies of the occasion to place themselves quickly on the other. Phineas knew nothing of these brooks; but Bonebreaker had gone gallantly over two, and now that there came a third in the way, it was to be hoped that he might go gallantly over that also. Phineas, at any rate, had no power to decide otherwise. As long as the brute would go straight with him he could sit him; but he had long given up the idea of having a will of his own. Indeed, till he was within twenty yards of the brook, he did not see that it was larger than the others. He looked round, and there was Chiltern close to him, still fighting with his horse;—but the farmer had turned away. He thought that Chiltern nodded to him, as much as to tell him to go on. On he went at any rate. The brook, when he came

to it, seemed to be a huge black hole, yawning beneath him. The banks were quite steep, and just where he was to take off there was an ugly stump. It was too late to think of anything. He stuck his knees against his saddle,—and in a moment was on the other side. The brute, who had taken off a yard before the stump, knowing well the danger of striking it with his foot, came down with a grunt, and did, I think, begin to feel the weight of that extra stone. Phineas, as soon as he was safe, looked back, and there was Lord Chiltern's horse in the very act of his spring,—higher up the rivulet, where it was even broader. At that distance Phineas could see that Lord Chiltern was wild with rage against the beast. But whether he wished to take the leap or wished to avoid it, there was no choice left to him. The animal rushed at the brook, and in a moment the horse and horseman were lost to sight. It was well then that that extra stone should tell, as it enabled Phineas to arrest his horse and to come back to his friend.

The Lincolnshire horse had chested the further bank, and of course had fallen back into the stream. When Phineas got down he found that Lord Chiltern was wedged in between the horse and the bank, which was better, at any rate, than being under the horse in the water. "All right, old fellow," he said, with a smile, when he saw Phineas. "You go on; it's too good to lose." But he was very pale, and seemed to be quite helpless where he lay. The horse did not move,—and never did move again. He had smashed his shoulder to pieces against a stump on the bank, and was afterwards shot on that very spot.

When Phineas got down he found that there was but little water where the horse lay. The depth of the stream had been on the side from which they had taken off, and the thick black mud lay within a foot of the surface, close to the bank against which Lord Chiltern was propped. "That's the worse one I ever was on," said Lord Chiltern; "but I think he's gruelled now."

"Are you hurt?"

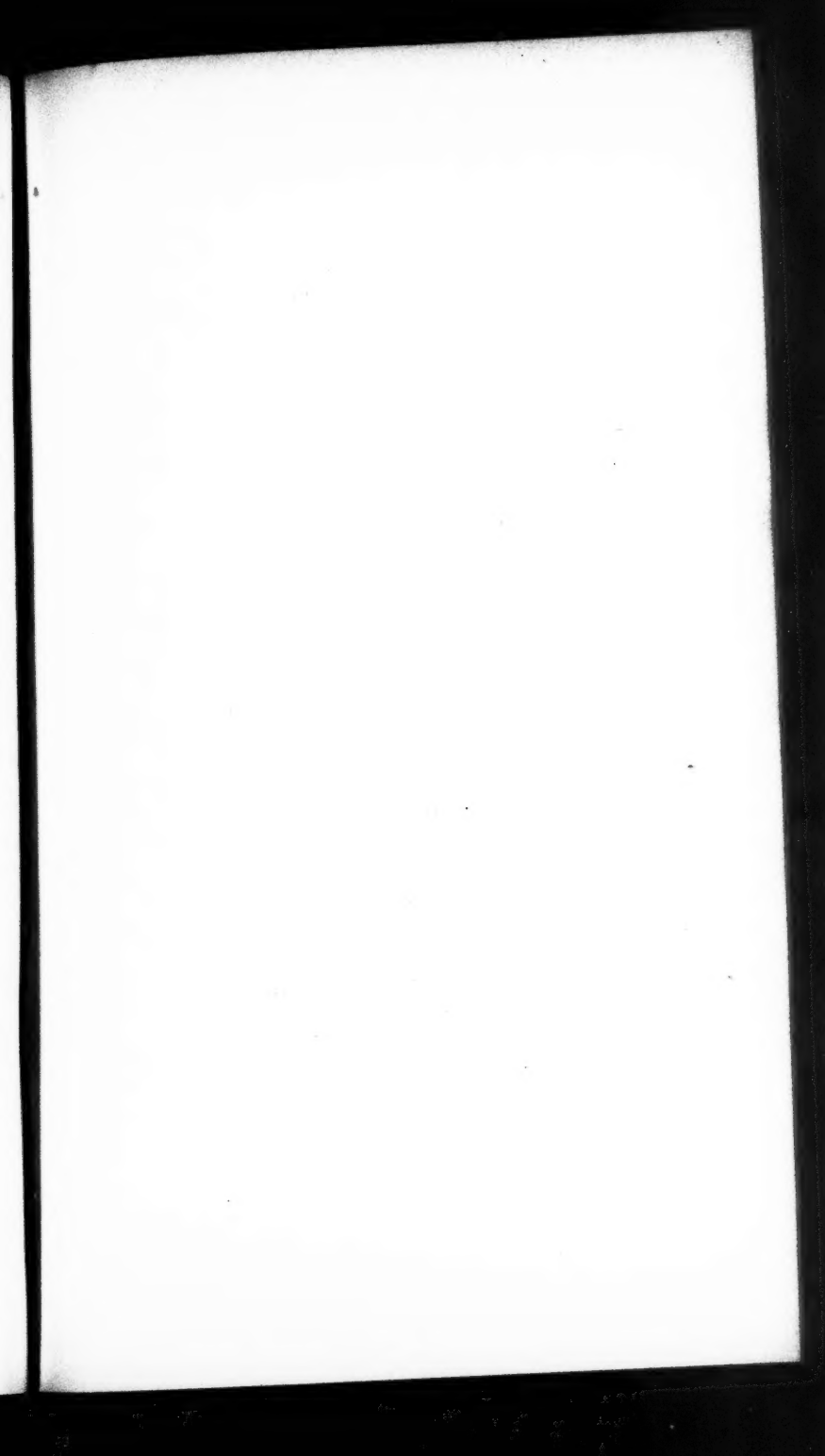
"Well;—I fancy there is something amiss. I can't move my arms, and I catch my breath. My legs are all right if I could get away from this accursed brute."

"I told you so," said the farmer, coming and looking down upon them from the bank. "I told you so, but you wouldn't be said." Then he too got down, and between them both they extricated Lord Chiltern from his position, and got him on to the bank.

"That 'un's a dead 'un," said the farmer, pointing to the horse.

"So much the better," said his lordship. "Give us a drop of sherry, Finn."

He had broken his collar-bone and three of his ribs. They got a farmer's trap from Wissindine and took him into Oakham. When there, he insisted on being taken on through Stamford to the Willingford





"But you Irish fellows always ride."

Ball before he would have his bones set,—picking up, however, a surgeon at Stamford. Phineas remained with him for a couple of days, losing his run with the Fitzwilliams and a day at the potted peas, and became very fond of his patient as he sat by his bedside.

"That was a good run though, wasn't it?" said Lord Chiltern as Phineas took his leave. "And, by George, Phineas, you rode Bone-breaker so well, that you shall have him as often as you'll come down. I don't know how it is, but you Irish fellows always ride."

CHAPTER XXV.

MR. TURNBULL'S CARRIAGE STOPS THE WAY.

WHEN Phineas got back to London, a day after his time, he found that there was already a great political commotion in the metropolis. He had known that on Easter Monday and Tuesday there was to be a gathering of the people in favour of the ballot, and that on Wednesday there was to be a procession with a petition which Mr. Turnbull was to receive from the hands of the people on Primrose Hill. It had been at first intended that Mr. Turnbull should receive the petition at the door of Westminster Hall on the Thursday; but he had been requested by the Home Secretary to put aside this intention, and he had complied with the request made to him. Mr. Mildmay was to move the second reading of his Reform Bill on that day, the preliminary steps having been taken without any special notice; but the bill of course included no clause in favour of the ballot; and this petition was the consequence of that omission. Mr. Turnbull had predicted evil consequences, both in the House and out of it, and was now doing the best in his power to bring about the verification of his own prophecies. Phineas, who reached his lodgings late on the Thursday, found that the town had been in a state of ferment for three days, that on the Wednesday forty or fifty thousand persons had been collected at Primrose Hill, and that the police had been forced to interfere,—and that worse was expected on the Friday. Though Mr. Turnbull had yielded to the Government as to receiving the petition, the crowd was resolved that they would see the petition carried into the House. It was argued that the Government would have done better to have refrained from interfering as to the previously intended arrangement. It would have been easier to deal with a procession than with a mob of men gathered together without any semblance of form. Mr. Mildmay had been asked to postpone the second reading of his bill; but the request had come from his opponents, and he would not yield to it. He said that it would be a bad expedient to close Parliament from fear of the people. Phineas found at the Reform Club on the Thursday evening that members of the House of Commons were requested to enter on the Friday by the door

usually used by the peers, and to make their way thence to their own House. He found that his landlord, Mr. Bunce, had been out with the people during the entire three days;—and Mrs. Bunce, with a flood of tears, begged Phineas to interfere as to the Friday. “He’s that headstrong that he’ll be took if anybody’s took; and they say that all Westminster is to be lined with soldiers.” Phineas on the Friday morning did have some conversation with his landlord; but his first work on reaching London was to see Lord Chiltern’s friends, and tell them of the accident.

The potted peas Committee sat on the Thursday, and he ought to have been there. His absence, however, was unavoidable, as he could not have left his friend’s bed-side so soon after the accident. On the Wednesday he had written to Lady Laura, and on the Thursday evening he went first to Portman Square and then to Grosvenor Place.

“Of course he will kill himself some day,” said the Earl,—with a tear, however, in each eye.

“I hope not, my Lord. He is a magnificent horseman; but accidents of course will happen.”

“How many of his bones are there not broken, I wonder?” said the father. “It is useless to talk, of course. You think he is not in danger.”

“Certainly not.”

“I should fear that he would be so liable to inflammation.”

“The doctor says that there is none. He has been taking an enormous deal of exercise,” said Phineas, “and drinking no wine. All that is in his favour.”

“What does he drink, then?” asked the Earl.

“Nothing. I rather think, my Lord, you are mistaken a little about his habits. I don’t fancy he ever drinks unless he is provoked to do it.”

“Provoked! Could anything provoke you to make a brute of yourself? But I am glad that he is in no danger. If you hear of him, let me know how he goes on.”

Lady Laura was of course full of concern. “I wanted to go down to him,” she said, “but Mr. Kennedy thought that there was no occasion.”

“Nor is there any;—I mean in regard to danger. He is very solitary there.”

“You must go to him again. Mr. Kennedy will not let me go unless I can say that there is danger. He seems to think that because Oswald has had accidents before, it is nothing. Of course I cannot leave London without his leave.”

“Your brother makes very little of it, you know.”

“Ah;—he would make little of anything. But if I were ill he would be in London by the first train.”

"Kennedy would let you go if you asked him."

"But he advises me not to go. He says my duty does not require it, unless Oswald be in danger. Don't you know, Mr. Finn, how hard it is for a wife not to take advice when it is so given?" This she said, within six months of her marriage, to the man who had been her husband's rival!

Phineas asked her whether Violet had heard the news, and learned that she was still ignorant of it. "I got your letter only this morning, and I have not seen her," said Lady Laura. "Indeed, I am so angry with her that I hardly wish to see her." Thursday was Lady Baldock's night, and Phineas went from Grosvenor Place to Berkeley Square. There he saw Violet, and found that she had heard of the accident.

"I am so glad to see you, Mr. Finn," she said. "Do tell me;—is it much?"

"Much in inconvenience, certainly; but not much in danger."

"I think Laura was so unkind not to send me word! I only heard it just now. Did you see it?"

"I was close to him, and helped him up. The horse jumped into a river with him, and crushed him up against the bank."

"How lucky that you should be there! Had you jumped the river?"

"Yes;—almost unintentionally, for my horse was rushing so that I could not hold him. Chiltern was riding a brute that no one should have ridden. No one will again."

"Did he destroy himself?"

"He had to be killed afterwards. He broke his shoulder."

"How very lucky that you should have been near him,—and again, how lucky that you should not have been hurt yourself."

"It was not likely that we should both come to grief at the same fence."

"But it might have been you. And you think there is no danger?"

"None whatever,—if I may believe the doctor. His hunting is done for this year, and he will be very desolate. I shall go down again to him in a few days, and try to bring him up to town."

"Do;—do. If he is laid up in his father's house, his father must see him." Phineas had not looked at the matter in that light; but he thought that Miss Effingham might probably be right.

Early on the next morning he saw Mr. Bunce, and used all his eloquence to keep that respectable member of society at home;—but in vain. "What good do you expect to do, Mr. Bunce?" he said, with perhaps some little tone of authority in his voice.

"To carry my point," said Bunce.

"And what is your point?"

"My present point is the ballot, as a part of the Government measure."

"And you expect to carry that by going out into the streets with all the roughs of London, and putting yourself in direct opposition to the authority of the magistrates? Do you really believe that the ballot will become the law of the land any sooner because you incur this danger and inconvenience?"

"Look here, Mr. Finn; I don't believe the sea will become any fuller because the Piddle runs into it out of the Dorsetshire fields; but I do believe that the waters from all the countries is what makes the ocean. I shall help; and it's my duty to help."

"It's your duty, as a respectable citizen, with a wife and family, to stay at home."

"If everybody with a wife and family was to say so, there'd be none there but roughs, and then where should we be? What would the Government people say to us then? If every man with a wife and family was to show himself in the streets to-night, we should have the ballot before Parliament breaks up, and if none of 'em don't do it, we shall never have the ballot. Ain't that so?" Phineas, who intended to be honest, was not prepared to dispute the assertion on the spur of the moment. "If that's so," said Bunce, triumphantly, "a man's duty's clear enough. He ought to go, though he'd two wives and families." And he went.

The petition was to be presented at six o'clock, but the crowd, who collected to see it carried into Westminster Hall, began to form itself by noon. It was said afterwards that many of the houses in the neighbourhood of Palace Yard and the Bridge were filled with soldiers; but if so, the men did not show themselves. In the course of the evening three or four companies of the Guards in St. James's Park did show themselves, and had some rough work to do, for many of the people took themselves away from Westminster by that route. The police, who were very numerous in Palace Yard, had a hard time of it all the afternoon, and it was said afterwards that it would have been much better to have allowed the petition to have been brought up by the procession on Wednesday. A procession, let it be who it will that proceeds, has in it, of its own nature, something of order. But now there was no order. The petition, which was said to fill fifteen cabs,—though the absolute sheets of signatures were carried into the House by four men,—was being dragged about half the day, and it certainly would have been impossible for a member to have made his way into the House through Westminster Hall between the hours of four and six. To effect an entrance at all they were obliged to go round at the back of the Abbey, as all the space round St. Margaret's Church and Canning's monument were filled with the crowd. Parliament Street was quite impassable at five o'clock, and there was no traffic across the bridge from that hour till after eight. As the evening went on, the mob extended itself to Downing Street and the front of the Treasury Chambers, and before the night was over all the board-

ings round the new Government offices had been pulled down. The windows also of certain obnoxious members of Parliament were broken, when those obnoxious members lived within reach. One gentleman who unfortunately held a house in Richmond Terrace, and who was said to have said that the ballot was the resort of cowards, fared very badly;—for his windows were not only broken, but his furniture and mirrors were destroyed by the stones that were thrown. Mr. Mildmay, I say, was much blamed. But after all, it may be a doubt whether the procession on Wednesday might not have ended worse. Mr. Turnbull was heard to say afterwards that the number of people collected would have been much greater.

Mr. Mildmay moved the second reading of his bill, and made his speech. He made his speech with the knowledge that the Houses of Parliament were surrounded by a mob, and I think that the fact added to its efficacy. It certainly gave him an appropriate opportunity for a display which was not difficult. His voice faltered on two or three occasions, and faltered through real feeling; but this sort of feeling, though it be real, is at the command of orators on certain occasions, and does them yeoman's service. Mr. Mildmay was an old man, nearly worn out in the service of his country, who was known to have been true and honest, and to have loved his country well,—though there were of course they who declared that his hand had been too weak for power, and that his services had been naught;—and on this evening his virtues were remembered. Once when his voice failed him the whole House got up and cheered. The nature of a Whig Prime Minister's speech on such an occasion will be understood by most of my readers without further indication. The bill itself had been read before, and it was understood that no objection would be made to the extent of the changes provided in it by the liberal side of the House. The opposition coming from liberal members was to be confined to the subject of the ballot. And even as yet it was not known whether Mr. Turnbull and his followers would vote against the second reading, or whether they would take what was given, and declare their intention of obtaining the remainder on a separate motion. The opposition of a large party of Conservatives was a matter of certainty; but to this party Mr. Mildmay did not conceive himself bound to offer so large an amount of argument as he would have given had there been at the moment no crowd in Palace Yard. And he probably felt that that crowd would assist him with his old Tory enemies. When, in the last words of his speech, he declared that under no circumstances would he disfigure the close of his political career by voting for the ballot,—not though the people, on whose behalf he had been fighting battles all his life, should be there in any number to coerce him,—there came another round of applause from the opposition benches, and Mr. Daubeney began to fear that some young horses in his team might get loose from their

traces. With great dignity Mr. Daubeny had kept aloof from Mr. Turnbull and from Mr. Turnbull's tactics; but he was not the less alive to the fact that Mr. Turnbull, with his mob and his big petition, might be of considerable assistance to him in this present duel between himself and Mr. Mildmay. I think Mr. Daubeny was in the habit of looking at these contests as duels between himself and the leader on the other side of the House,—in which assistance from any quarter might be accepted if offered.

Mr. Mildmay's speech did not occupy much over an hour, and at half-past seven Mr. Turnbull got up to reply. It was presumed that he would do so, and not a member left his place, though that time of the day is an interesting time, and though Mr. Turnbull was accustomed to be long. There soon came to be but little ground for doubting what would be the nature of Mr. Turnbull's vote on the second reading. "How may I dare," said he, "to accept so small a measure of reform as this with such a message from the country as is now conveyed to me through the presence of fifty thousand of my countrymen, who are at this moment demanding their measure of reform just beyond the frail walls of this chamber? The right honourable gentleman has told us that he will never be intimidated by a concourse of people. I do not know that there was any need that he should speak of intimidation. No one has accused the right honourable gentleman of political cowardice. But, as he has so said, I will follow in his footsteps. Neither will I be intimidated by the large majority which this House presented the other night against the wishes of the people. I will support no great measure of reform which does not include the ballot among its clauses." And so Mr. Turnbull threw down the gauntlet.

Mr. Turnbull spoke for two hours, and then the debate was adjourned till the Monday. The adjournment was moved by an independent member, who, as was known, would support the Government, and at once received Mr. Mildmay's assent. There was no great hurry with the bill, and it was felt that it would be well to let the ferment subside. Enough had been done for glory when Mr. Mildmay moved the second reading, and quite enough in the way of debate,—with such an audience almost within hearing,—when Mr. Turnbull's speech had been made. Then the House emptied itself at once. The elderly, cautious members made their exit through the peers' door. The younger men got out into the crowd through Westminster Hall, and were pushed about among the roughs for an hour or so. Phineas, who made his way through the hall with Laurence Fitzgibbon, found Mr. Turnbull's carriage waiting at the entrance with a dozen policemen round it.

"I hope he won't get home to dinner before midnight," said Phineas.

"He understands all about it," said Laurence. "He had a good

meal at three, before he left home, and you'd find sandwiches and sherry in plenty if you were to search his carriage. He knows how to remedy the costs of mob popularity."

At that time poor Bunce was being hustled about in the crowd in the vicinity of Mr. Turnbull's carriage. Phineas and Fitzgibbon made their way out, and by degrees worked a passage for themselves into Parliament Street. Mr. Turnbull had been somewhat behind them in coming down the hall, and had not been without a sense of enjoyment in the ovation which was being given to him. There can be no doubt that he was wrong in what he was doing. That affair of the carriage was altogether wrong, and did Mr. Turnbull much harm for many a day afterwards. When he got outside the door, where were the twelve policemen guarding his carriage, a great number of his admirers endeavoured to shake hands with him. Among them was the devoted Bunce. But the policemen seemed to think that Mr. Turnbull was to be guarded, even from the affection of his friends, and were as careful that he should be ushered into his carriage untouched, as though he had been the favourite object of political aversion for the moment. Mr. Turnbull himself, when he began to perceive that men were crowding close upon the gates, and to hear the noise, and to feel, as it were, the breath of the mob, stepped on quickly into his carriage. He said a word or two in a loud voice. "Thank you, my friends. I trust you may obtain all your just demands." But he did not pause to speak. Indeed, he could hardly have done so, as the policemen were manifestly in a hurry. The carriage was got away at a snail's pace;—but there remained in the spot where the carriage had stood the makings of a very pretty street row.

Bunce had striven hard to shake hands with his hero,—Bunce and some other reformers as ardent and as decent as himself. The police were very determinate that there should be no such interruption to their programme for getting Mr. Turnbull off the scene. Mr. Bunce, who had his own ideas as to his right to shake hands with any gentleman at Westminster Hall who might choose to shake hands with him, became uneasy under the impediments that were placed in his way, and expressed himself warmly as to his civil rights. Now, a London policeman in a political row is, I believe, the most forbearing of men. So long as he meets with no special political opposition, ordinary ill-usage does not even put him out of temper. He is paid for rough work among roughs, and takes his rubs gallantly. But he feels himself to be an instrument for the moment of despotic power as opposed to civil rights, and he won't stand what he calls "jaw." Trip up a policeman in such a scramble, and he will take it in good spirit; but mention the words "*Habeas Corpus*," and he'll lock you up if he can. As a rule, his instincts are right; for the man who talks about "*Habeas Corpus*" in a political crowd will generally do more harm than can be effected by the tripping up of any constable. But these

instincts may be the means of individual injustice. I think they were so when Mr. Bunce was arrested and kept a fast prisoner. His wife had shown her knowledge of his character when she declared that he'd be "took" if any one was "took."

Bunce was taken into custody with some three or four others like himself,—decent men, who meant no harm, but who thought that as men they were bound to show their political opinions, perhaps at the expense of a little martyrdom,—and was carried into a temporary stronghold, which had been provided for the necessities of the police, under the clock-tower.

"Keep me, at your peril!" said Bunce, indignantly.

"We means it," said the sergeant who had him in custody.

"I've done no ha'porth to break the law," said Bunce.

"You was breaking the law when you was upsetting my men, as I saw you," said the sergeant.

"I've upset nobody," said Bunce.

"Very well," rejoined the sergeant; "you can say it all before the magistrate, to-morrow."

"And am I to be locked up all night?" said Bunce.

"I'm afraid you will," replied the sergeant.

Bunce, who was not by nature a very talkative man, said no more; but he swore in his heart that there should be vengeance. Between eleven and twelve he was taken to the regular police-station, and from thence he was enabled to send word to his wife.

"Bunce has been taken," said she, with something of the tragic queen, and something also of the injured wife in the tone of her voice, as soon as Phineas let himself in with the latch-key between twelve and one. And then, mingled with, and at last dominant over, those severer tones, came the voice of the loving woman whose beloved one was in trouble. "I knew how it 'd be, Mr. Finn. Didn't I? And what must we do? I don't suppose he'd had a bit to eat from the moment he went out;—and as for a drop of beer, he never thinks of it, except what I puts down for him at his meals. Them nasty police always take the best. That's why I was so afeard."

Phineas said all that he could to comfort her, and promised to go to the police-office early in the morning and look after Bunce. No serious evil would, he thought, probably come of it; but still Bunce had been wrong to go.

"But you might have been took yourself," argued Mrs. Bunce, "just as well as he." Then Phineas explained that he had gone forth in the execution of a public duty. "You might have been took, all the same," said Mrs. Bunce, "for I'm sure Bunce didn't do nothing amiss."

CHAPTER XXVI.

"THE FIRST SPEECH."

On the following morning, which was Saturday, Phineas was early at the police-office at Westminster looking after the interests of his landlord; but there had been a considerable number of men taken up during the row, and our friend could hardly procure that attention for Mr. Bunce's case to which he thought the decency of his client and his own position as a member of Parliament were entitled. The men who had been taken up were taken in batches before the magistrates; but as the soldiers in the park had been maltreated, and a considerable injury had been done in the neighbourhood of Downing Street, there was a good deal of strong feeling against the mob, and the magistrates were disposed to be severe. If decent men chose to go out among such companions, and thereby get into trouble, decent men must take the consequences. During the Saturday and Sunday a very strong feeling grew up against Mr. Turnbull. The story of the carriage was told, and he was declared to be a turbulent demagogue, only desirous of getting popularity. And together with this feeling there arose a general verdict of "Serve them right" against all who had come into contact with the police in the great Turnbull row; and thus it came to pass that Mr. Bunce had not been liberated up to the Monday morning. On the Sunday Mrs. Bunce was in hysterics, and declared her conviction that Mr. Bunce would be imprisoned for life. Poor Phineas had an unquiet time with her on the morning of that day. In every ecstasy of her grief she threw herself into his arms, either metaphorically or materially, according to the excess of her agony at the moment, and expressed repeatedly an assured conviction that all her children would die of starvation, and that she herself would be picked up under the arches of one of the bridges. Phineas, who was soft hearted, did what he could to comfort her, and allowed himself to be worked up to strong parliamentary anger against the magistrates and police. "When they think that they have public opinion on their side, there is nothing in the way of arbitrary excess which is too great for them." This he said to Barrington Erle, who angered him and increased the warmth of his feeling by declaring that a little close confinement would be good for the Bunces of the day. "If we don't keep the mob down, the mob will keep us down," said the Whig private secretary. Phineas had no opportunity of answering this, but declared to himself that Barrington Erle was no more a Liberal at heart than was Mr. Daubeney. "He was born on that side of the question, and has been receiving Whig wages all his life. That is the history of his politics!"

On the Sunday afternoon Phineas went to Lord Brentford's in Portman Square, intending to say a word or two about Lord Chiltern,

and meaning also to induce, if possible, the Cabinet Minister to take part with him against the magistrates,—having a hope also, in which he was not disappointed, that he might find Lady Laura Kennedy with her father. He had come to understand that Lady Laura was not to be visited at her own house on Sundays. So much indeed she had told him in so many words. But he had come to understand also, without any plain telling, that she rebelled in heart against this Sabbath tyranny,—and that she would escape from it when escape was possible. She had now come to talk to her father about her brother, and had brought Violet Effingham with her. They had walked together across the park after church, and intended to walk back again. Mr. Kennedy did not like to have any carriage out on a Sunday, and to this arrangement his wife made no objection.

Phineas had received a letter from the Stamford surgeon, and was able to report favourably of Lord Chiltern. "The man says that he had better not be moved for a month," said Phineas. "But that means nothing. They always say that."

"Will it not be best for him to remain where he is?" said the Earl.

"He has not a soul to speak to," said Phineas.

"I wish I were with him," said his sister.

"That is, of course, out of the question," said the Earl. "They know him at that inn, and it really seems to me best that he should stay there. I do not think he would be so much at his ease here."

"It must be dreadful for a man to be confined to his room without a creature near him, except the servants," said Violet. The Earl frowned, but said nothing further. They all perceived that as soon as he had learned that there was no real danger as to his son's life, he was determined that this accident should not work him up to any show of tenderness. "I do so hope he will come up to London," continued Violet, who was not afraid of the Earl, and was determined not to be put down.

"You don't know what you are talking about, my dear," said Lord Brentford.

After this Phineas found it very difficult to extract any sympathy from the Earl on behalf of the men who had been locked up. He was moody and cross, and could not be induced to talk on the great subject of the day. Violet Effingham declared that she did not care how many Bunces were locked up; nor for how long,—adding, however, a wish that Mr. Turnbull himself had been among the number of the prisoners. Lady Laura was somewhat softer than this, and consented to express pity in the case of Mr. Bunce himself; but Phineas perceived that the pity was awarded to him and not to the sufferer. The feeling against Mr. Turnbull was at the present moment so strong among all the upper classes, that Mr. Bunce and his brethren might have been kept in durance for a week without commiseration from them.

"It is very hard certainly on a man like Mr. Bunce," said Lady Laura.

"Why did not Mr. Bunce stay at home and mind his business?" said the Earl.

Phineas spent the remainder of that day alone, and came to a resolution that on the coming occasion he certainly would speak in the House. The debate would be resumed on the Monday, and he would rise to his legs on the very first moment that it became possible for him to do so. And he would do nothing towards preparing a speech;—nothing whatever. On this occasion he would trust entirely to such words as might come to him at the moment;—ay, and to such thoughts. He had before burdened his memory with preparations, and the very weight of the burden had been too much for his mind. He had feared to trust himself to speak, because he had felt that he was not capable of performing the double labour of saying his lesson by heart, and of facing the House for the first time. There should be nothing now for him to remember. His thoughts were full of his subject. He would support Mr. Mildmay's bill with all his eloquence, but he would implore Mr. Mildmay, and the Home Secretary, and the Government generally, to abstain from animosity against the populace of London, because they desired one special boon which Mr. Mildmay did not think that it was his duty to give them. He hoped that ideas and words would come to him. Ideas and words had been free enough with him in the old days of the Dublin debating society. If they failed him now, he must give the thing up, and go back to Mr. Low.

On the Monday morning Phineas was for two hours at the police-court in Westminster, and at about one on that day Mr. Bunce was liberated. When he was brought up before the magistrate, Mr. Bunce spoke his mind very freely as to the usage he had received, and declared his intention of bringing an action against the sergeant who had detained him. The magistrate, of course, took the part of the police, and declared that, from the evidence of two men who were examined, Bunce had certainly used such violence in the crowd as had justified his arrest.

"I used no violence," said Bunce.

"According to your own showing, you endeavoured to make your way up to Mr. Turnbull's carriage," said the magistrate.

"I was close to the carriage before the police even saw me," said Bunce.

"But you tried to force your way round to the door."

"I used no force till a man had me by the collar to push me back; and I wasn't violent, not then. I told him I was doing what I had a right to do,—and it was that as made him hang on to me."

"You were not doing what you had a right to do. You were assisting to create a riot," said the magistrate, with that indignation which a London magistrate should always know how to affect.

Phineas, however, was allowed to give evidence as to his landlord's character, and then Bunce was liberated. But before he went he again swore that that should not be the last of it, and he told the magistrate that he had been ill-used. When liberated, he was joined by a dozen sympathising friends, who escorted him home, and among them were one or two literary gentlemen, employed on those excellent penny papers, the *People's Banner* and the *Ballot-box*. It was their intention that Mr. Bunce's case should not be allowed to sleep. One of these gentlemen made a distinct offer to Phineas Finn of unbounded popularity during life and of immortality afterwards, if he, as a member of Parliament, would take up Bunce's case with vigour. Phineas, not quite understanding the nature of the offer, and not as yet knowing the profession of the gentleman, gave some general reply.

"You come out strong, Mr. Finn, and we'll see that you are properly reported. I'm on the *Banner*, sir, and I'll answer for that."

Phineas, who had been somewhat eager in expressing his sympathy with Bunce, and had not given very close attention to the gentleman who was addressing him, was still in the dark. The nature of the *Banner*, which the gentleman was on, did not at once come home to him.

"Something ought to be done, certainly," said Phineas.

"We shall take it up strong," said the gentleman, "and we shall be happy to have you among us. You'll find, Mr. Finn, that in public life there's nothing like having a horgan to back you. What is the most you can do in the 'Ouse? Nothing, if you're not reported. You're speaking to the country;—ain't you? And you can't do that without a horgan, Mr. Finn. You come among us on the *Banner*, Mr. Finn. You can't do better."

Then Phineas understood the nature of the offer made to him. As they parted, the literary gentleman gave our hero his card. "Mr. Quintus Slide." So much was printed. Then, on the corner of the card was written, "*Banner Office, 137, Fetter Lane.*" Mr. Quintus Slide was a young man, under thirty, not remarkable for clean linen, and who always talked of the "'Ouse." But he was a well-known and not undistinguished member of a powerful class of men. He had been a reporter, and as such knew the "'Ouse" well, and was a writer for the press. And, though he talked of "'Ouses" and "horgans," he wrote good English with great rapidity, and was possessed of that special sort of political fervour which shows itself in a man's work rather than in his conduct. It was Mr. Slide's taste to be an advanced reformer, and in all his operations on behalf of the *People's Banner* he was a reformer very much advanced. No man could do an article on the people's indefeasible rights with more pronounced vigour than Mr. Slide. But it had never occurred to him as yet that he ought to care for anything else than the fight,—than the advantage of having a good subject on which to write slashing articles. Mr. Slide was an energetic but not a thoughtful man; but in his thoughts on politics,

as far as they went with him, he regarded the wrongs of the people as being of infinitely greater value than their rights. It was not that he was insincere in all that he was daily saying ;—but simply that he never thought about it. Very early in life he had fallen among "people's friends," and an opening on the liberal press had come in his way. To be a "people's friend" suited the turn of his ambition, and he was a "people's friend." It was his business to abuse Government, and to express on all occasions an opinion that as a matter of course the ruling powers were the "people's enemies." Had the ruling powers ceased to be the "people's enemies," Mr. Slide's ground would have been taken from under his feet. But such a catastrophe was out of the question. That excellent old arrangement that had gone on since demagogues were first invented was in full vigour. There were the ruling powers and there were the people,—devils on one side and angels on the other,—and as long as a people's friend had a pen in his hand all was right.

Phineas, when he left the indignant Bunce to go among his friends, walked to the House thinking a good deal of what Mr. Slide had said to him. The potted peas Committee was again on, and he had intended to be in the committee-room by twelve punctually ; but he had been unable to leave Mr. Bunce in the lurch, and it was now past one. Indeed, he had, from one unfortunate circumstance after another, failed hitherto in giving to the potted peas that resolute attention which the subject demanded. On the present occasion his mind was full of Mr. Quintus Slide and the People's Banner. After all, was there not something in Mr. Slide's proposition ? He, Phineas, had come into Parliament as it were under the wing of a Government pack, and his friendships, which had been very successful, had been made with Ministers, and with the friends of Ministers. He had made up his mind to be Whig Ministerial, and to look for his profession in that line. He had been specially fortified in this resolution by his dislike to the ballot,—which dislike had been the result of Mr. Monk's teaching. Had Mr. Turnbull become his friend instead, it may well be that he would have liked the ballot. On such subjects men must think long, and be sure that they have thought in earnest, before they are justified in saying that their opinions are the results of their own thoughts. But now he began to reflect how far this ministerial profession would suit him. Would it be much to be a Lord of the Treasury, subject to the dominion of Mr. Ratler ? Such lordship and such subjection would be the result of success. He told himself that he was at heart a true Liberal. Would it not be better for him to abandon the idea of office trammels, and go among them on the People's Banner ? A glow of enthusiasm came over him as he thought of it. But what would Violet Effingham say to the People's Banner and Mr. Quintus Slide ? And he would have liked the Banner better had not Mr. Slide talked about the 'Ouse.

From the committee-room, in which, alas ! he took no active part in reference to the potted peas, he went down to the House, and was present when the debate was resumed. Not unnaturally, one speaker after another made some allusion to the row in the streets, and the work which had fallen to the lot of the magistrates. Mr. Turnbull had declared that he would vote against the second reading of Mr. Mildmay's bill, and had explained that he would do so because he could consent to no Reform Bill which did not include the ballot as one of its measures. The debate fashioned itself after this speech of Mr. Turnbull's, and turned again very much upon the ballot,—although it had been thought that the late debate had settled that question. One or two of Mr. Turnbull's followers declared that they also would vote against the bill,—of course, as not going far enough; and one or two gentlemen from the Conservative benches extended a spoken welcome to these new colleagues. Then Mr. Palliser got up and addressed the House for an hour, struggling hard to bring back the real subject, and to make the House understand that the ballot, whether good or bad, had been knocked on the head, and that members had no right at the present moment to consider anything but the expediency or in expediency of so much Reform as Mr. Mildmay presented to them in the present bill.

Phineas was determined to speak, and to speak on this evening if he could catch the Speaker's eye. Again the scene before him was going round before him; again things became dim, and again he felt his blood beating hard at his heart. But things were not so bad with him as they had been before, because he had nothing to remember. He hardly knew, indeed, what he intended to say. He had an idea that he was desirous of joining in earnest support of the measure, with a vehement protest against the injustice which had been done to the people in general, and to Mr. Bunce in particular. He had firmly resolved that no fear of losing favour with the Government should induce him to hold his tongue as to the Buncean cruelties. Sooner than do so he would certainly "go among them" at the Banner office.

He started up, wildly, when Mr. Palliser had completed his speech; but the Speaker's eye, not unnaturally, had travelled to the other side of the House, and there was a Tory of the old school upon his legs,—Mr. Western, the member for East Barsetshire, one of the gallant few who dared to vote against Sir Robert Peel's bill for repealing the Corn Laws in 1846. Mr. Western spoke with a slow, ponderous, unimpressive, but very audible voice, for some twenty minutes, disdaining to make reference to Mr. Turnbull and his politics, but pleading against any Reform, with all the old arguments. Phineas did not hear a word that he said;—did not attempt to hear. He was keen in his resolution to make another attempt at the Speaker's eye, and, at the present moment was thinking of that, and of that only. He did not

even give himself a moment's reflection as to what his own speech should be. He would dash at it and take his chance, resolved that at least he would not fail in courage. Twice he was on his legs before Mr. Western had finished his slow harangue, and twice he was compelled to reseal himself,—thinking that he had subjected himself to ridicule. At last the member for East Basset sat down, and Phineas was conscious that he had lost a moment or two in presenting himself again to the Speaker.

He held his ground, however, though he saw that he had various rivals for the right of speech. He held his ground, and was instantly aware that he had gained his point. There was a slight pause, and as some other urgent member did not reseal himself, Phineas heard the president of that august assembly call upon himself to address the House. The thing was now to be done. There he was with the House of Commons at his feet,—a crowded House, bound to be his auditors as long as he should think fit to address them, and reporters by tens and twenties in the gallery ready and eager to let the country know what the young member for Loughshane would say in this his maiden speech.

Phineas Finn had sundry gifts, a powerful and pleasant voice, which he had learned to modulate, a handsome presence, and a certain natural mixture of modesty and self-reliance, which would certainly protect him from the faults of arrogance and pomposity, and which perhaps might carry him through the perils of his new position. And he had also the great advantage of friends in the House who were anxious that he should do well. But he had not that gift of slow blood which on the former occasion would have enabled him to remember his prepared speech, and which would now have placed all his own resources within his own reach. He began with the expression of an opinion that every true reformer ought to accept Mr. Mildmay's bill, even if it were accepted only as an instalment,—but before he had got through these sentences, he became painfully conscious that he was repeating his own words.

He was cheered almost from the outset, and yet he knew as he went on that he was failing. He had certain arguments at his fingers' ends,—points with which he was, in truth, so familiar that he need hardly have troubled himself to arrange them for special use,—and he forgot even these. He found that he was going on with one platitude after another as to the benefit of reform, in a manner that would have shamed him six or seven years ago at a debating club. He pressed on, fearing that words would fail him altogether if he paused;—but he did in truth speak very much too fast, knocking his words together so that no reporter could properly catch them. But he had nothing to say for the bill except what hundreds had said before, and hundreds would say again. Still he was cheered, and still he went on; and as he became more and more conscious of his failure there

grew upon him the idea,—the dangerous hope, that he might still save himself from ignominy by the eloquence of his invective against the police.

He tried it, and succeeded thoroughly in making the House understand that he was very angry ;—but he succeeded in nothing else. He could not catch the words to express the thoughts of his mind. He could not explain his idea that the people out of the House had as much right to express their opinion in favour of the ballot as members in the House had to express theirs against it ; and that animosity had been shown to the people by the authorities because they had so expressed their opinion. Then he attempted to tell the story of Mr. Bunce in a light and airy way, failed, and sat down in the middle of it. Again he was cheered by all around him,—cheered as a new member is usually cheered,—and in the midst of the cheer would have blown out his brains had there been a pistol there ready for such an operation.

That hour with him was very bad. He did not know how to get up and go away, or how to keep his place. For some time he sat with his hat off, forgetful of his privilege of wearing it ; and then put it on hurriedly, as though the fact of his not wearing it must have been observed by everybody. At last, at about two, the debate was adjourned, and then as he was slowly leaving the House, thinking how he might creep away without companionship, Mr. Monk took him by the arm.

"Are you going to walk ?" said Mr. Monk.

"Yes," said Phineas ; "I shall walk."

"Then we may go together as far as Pall Mall. Come along." Phineas had no means of escape, and left the House hanging on Mr. Monk's arm, without a word. Nor did Mr. Monk speak till they were out in Palace Yard. "It was not much amiss," said Mr. Monk ; "but you'll do better than that yet."

"Mr. Monk," said Phineas, "I have made an ass of myself so thoroughly, that there will at any rate be this good result, that I shall never make an ass of myself again after the same fashion."

"Ah !—I thought you had some such feeling as that, and therefore I was determined to speak to you. You may be sure, Finn, that I do not care to flatter you, and I think you ought to know that, as far as I am able, I will tell you the truth. Your speech, which was certainly nothing great, was about on a par with other maiden speeches in the House of Commons. You have done yourself neither good nor harm. Nor was I desirable that you should. My advice to you now is, never to avoid speaking on any subject that interests you, but never to speak for above three minutes till you find yourself as much at home on your legs as you are when sitting. But do not suppose that you have made an ass of yourself,—that is, in any special degree. Now, good-night."



"May I give him your love?"